

ter Dinner  
Stories  
by  
Famous Men

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After Dinner  
Stories



# After Dinner Stories

By Famous Men

As told by

King George of England	President Wilson
Prime Minister Asquith	David Belasco
Chauncey Depew	J. Pierpont Morgan
Henry Cabot Lodge	John D. Rockefeller
Theodore Roosevelt	John Wanamaker
Whitelaw Reid	Andrew Carnegie
Wm. H. Taft	Sir Thomas Lipton

and over 150 others

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Illustrated

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# After Dinner Stories

By Famous Men

ADMIRAL FLETCHER, who has been prominent in the Mexican situation, is a very prolific story-teller, and here is one he tells as an actual happening.

"An old-time blue-jacket was charged with extracting food from a lazaretto outside of meal hours.

"The captain, upon questioning the man, seemed unable at first to glean any information. After a few moments of thoughtful silence on the man's part, however, he replied:

" 'Captain, I ain't took no food outer there. Why, Captain,' he continued, convincingly, 'thar weren't no food in it! I looked in, and, Captain, I met a cockroach coming outer it with tears in his eyes.' "



"THE EVIDENCE," said the judge, "shows that you threw a stone at this man."

"Sure," replied Mrs. O'Hoolihan, "and the looks av the man shows more thot thot, yer honour; it shows thot Oi hit him."



WM. J. BURNS, the great detective, once suffered a loss of reputation with at least one man. He told the story himself:

"I well remember," said he, smiling, "a walk I once took down Market Street, in San Francisco. As I strode along, proud and happy, a rose in my buttonhole and a gold-headed cane in my hand, a drunken man had the impudence to stop me.

"'Ain't you Mr. Burns?' he asked.

"'Yes,' said I. 'What of it?'

"'Mr. Burns the detective?' he hiccoughed.

"'Yes, yes. Who are you?' I asked impatiently.

"'Mr. Burns,' said he, 'I'll tell you who I am. I'm — hic — the husband of your washerwoman.'

"'Well, what of that?'

"My scorn brought a sneer to the man's lips, and he said:

"'You see, you don't know everything, Mr. Burns.'

"'What don't I know?'

"'Well,' said he, 'you don't know that — hic — I'm wearin' one of your white shirts.'"



SENATOR BEVERIDGE, discussing railroad wrecks, said:

"There is, I think, too much bustle, too much hurry, about some of our railroads. This hustle, when we turn to the year's unpardonable casualties, seems as indecent as the Si Taylor case.



"At Si Taylor's funeral the doctor and the undertaker were conversing in low tones.

" 'Too bad,' said the undertaker, 'that poor Si's wife wasn't with him when he passed away. How did it happen?'

" 'Mrs. Taylor,' the doctor whispered, 'was up-town at the time ordering her mourning outfit.'

"The undertaker, with a bitter smile, turned away to supervise the funeral procession. 'Hold on, gentlemen; this won't do,' he said sternly; 'where is the sixth pallbearer?'

" 'He's up-stairs,' another pallbearer explained, 'proposing to the widow.' "



UNITED STATES MARSHAL ABERNATHY, of Oklahoma, in his gallery of reminiscences, gives prominence to two Irishmen who had been captured by vigilantes and were about to be hanged for horse-stealing. The vigilance committee took them to a bridge spanning a near-by river, as the place where their purpose could be accomplished with the least effort.

The rope was drawn taut about the neck of the first captive and he was dropped. But the noose slipped, and he swam away.

As the second man was led forward and asked if he had any last request to make, he turned toward the leader of the lynchers and said:

"For the love av hivven, tie that rope tight! I can't swim, and I don't want to drown."



DAVID BELASCO, playwright and theatrical manager, tells this tale of the days when he was a newspaper reporter. While so employed he put in a few days with a gang of tramps in order to get "colour" for an article he had been assigned to write.

"I found the hobos to be a merry lot, with as many stories as the end man of a minstrel show. One of them told in my hearing of being given a mince-pie by the young wife of a farmer. Next day the tramp appeared at the farmhouse again and said, 'Would you be kind enough, ma'am, to give me the recipe for that there mince-pie what I had here yesterday?'

"'Well, the idea!' cried the farmer's wife. 'Land sakes, man, what do you want that recipe for?'

"'To settle a bet,' replied the tramp. 'My partner says you use three cups of Portland Cement to one of molasses, but I claim it's only two and a half.'"



PROF. BRANDER MATTHEWS, speaking jokingly of his age, says that he trusts he is not yet

so old that the students can play the trick on him he once saw turned on a senior professor in his own college days.

“Professor Blank was our most venerable instructor in those days, and he could be just a little irritable at times. On one occasion, noticing that one member of the class who sat right under his eye never took any notes nor paid the slightest attention to his lectures, he stopped the class abruptly and demanded,

“‘See here, young man, what do you mean by coming into my classroom day after day and never taking notes?’

“‘I have my father’s,’ was the complacent reply.”



EX-GOVERNOR VARDAMAN, of Mississippi, was a recent candidate for a seat in the United States Senate. On one occasion during his tour of the State he expressed his sentiments regarding the repeal of the Fourteenth Amendment and was loudly applauded by an old coloured man standing on the outskirts of the crowd.

“I’s shorely fer dat man,” said the old negro. “I shorely is.”

“Why, you old black rascal,” exclaimed a man standing near, “your son was hung while Vardaman was governor.”

“Dat’s so,” replied the old man earnestly, “dat’s jes so; but he sho’ wuz hung like a white man!”

ROBERT S. LOVETT, the new president of the Union Pacific, tells this story:

“Recklessness in finance doesn’t pay — unless, indeed, it be the cautious kind of recklessness that Legier, the baker, was noted for.

“Legier, bent over his counter, was working away with a pencil and a piece of wrapping-paper, when Mrs. Liscum entered for a loaf of bread.

“Noticing on the paper a lot of familiar names, Mrs. Liscum said,

“ ‘What are you figuring there, Mr. Legier?’

“ ‘Well, ma’am,’ said Legier, ‘I’m just putting down the names of all my friends that I can lick.’

“ ‘Is Harvey Liscum’s name there?’ asked Mrs. Liscum.

“ ‘Yes,’ said the baker. ‘Yes, I got it down.’

“Mrs. Liscum went home and told Harvey. He snatched his hat and hastened to the bakery.

“ ‘Legier,’ he shouted, ‘is it true what my wife tells me — that I am on the list of the men you can lick?’

“ ‘Yes,’ said Legier calmly, ‘I’ve got you down, Mr. Liscum.’

“ ‘Why, you little shrimp,’ roared Liscum, ‘I could wipe up the floor with you! I could eat you alive!’

“ ‘Are you sure you could?’ said the baker.

“ ‘You bet I’m sure!’ said Liscum, shaking his fist in Legier’s face.

“ ‘Well, then,’ said the baker sadly, ‘I guess I’ll cross you off the list.’ ”

CONGRESSMAN CUSHMAN, of Washington, was talking of the panic years of 1893-5.

"It was fortunate for me," he said, "that I lived in Tacoma then, for Tacoma is on the sea-coast, and on the seacoast there is always an abundance of clams. When the tide is out the table is set. I assure you that I ate clams and ate clams and ate clams until my stomach rose and fell in perfect harmony with the ebb and flow of the tide."



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY is known among his friends as especially partial to two things, children and jokes, and is rather fond of telling the following story against himself:

As Bishop of London he was one day walking in the suburbs of the British capital when he chanced upon a little girl who was standing looking up somewhat wistfully at a four-barred gate. "Oh, please, sir," she asked, "will you open this gate for me?"

Smiling upon the demure maiden, the bishop lifted the latch and pushed back the gate, but, in spite of its size, it swung so easily that he said, "You're such a big little girl that I should think you could yourself have opened so nice a gate as this."

"Oh, I could, sir," she replied, "but then I should have got my hands all over fresh paint." And then the bishop saw that that was just what had happened to him.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, the novelist, was discussing a new volume of poetry.

"It is ambitions," he said, "but the tragedy seems to me to be mechanical. In fact, the grief in these verses reminds me of the grief of a Tennessee mountain woman.

"She was eating pigs' feet one day at the door of her cabin when a neighbour came to tell her bad news. Her husband had got in a fight at the Three Corners Tavern, a ball had lodged in his lungs, and he had died soon after.

"The woman, a pig's foot held midway to her mouth, listened to this harrowing tale in profound silence. Then, falling to her pig's foot vigorously, she said,

" 'Wait till I finish this pig's trotter, an' ye'll hear some hollerin' as is hollerin'!' "



MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT, the famous suffragette, speaking of a recent untactful motion at a woman's club, said it reminded her, in its delicacy, of the story of a Ripon man.

"This man got married, and after several years had elapsed, his wife said to him one night: 'John, you do not speak as affectionately to me as you used to when we were first married. I fear you have ceased to love me.'

" 'Cease to love you!' growled the man. 'There you go again. Why, I love you more than life itself. Now shut up and let me read the paper.' "

ROBERT J. ALEY, president of the University of Maine, tells of a prominent attorney, who, years ago, claimed his residence in an Iowa town. He, as the only legal light for miles around, was accustomed to arrange the disputes of his neighbours.

"On one occasion," continues President Aley, "he was awakened from his peaceful slumbers by a violent knocking at his front door. Lazily pulling himself out of bed and putting his head out of the open window he soon discovered that his unwelcome night visitor was none other than old man Jerry McCloud, for whom that very afternoon he had drawn a will.

" 'Well, Jerry, what's the trouble?' the lawyer queried, none too softly.

" 'Faith, it's th' will,' replied McCloud. 'I couldn't get a wink av sleep a-thinkin' av it.'

" 'The will?' reiterated the attorney.

" 'Yes,' replied McCloud, 'ye've fixed it so I've not left mesilf a stool to sit on!'"



CHAMP CLARK champions equal suffrage as being A A 1 + in theory, but in practice it has always reminded him of a devout constituent out in Missouri who once confessed that he and his wife had agreed to tell each other their faults — to be perfectly frank with each other in everything, as the ideal marriage state demands.

Asked by the sympathetic minority leader whether the plan had succeeded or failed, the other confided dolefully,

“Would you believe, Brother Clark, that she — she actually hasn’t spoke to me for nearly a month.”



DOCTOR COOK, the discredited Arctic explorer, tells the following “pet” story:

“Sacrifices,” said he, “are always being made. Men, in order to succeed, sacrifice pleasure, their honour, their youth. These sacrifices excite no remark. But any sacrifice of the stomach arouses wonder and awe.

“Women have sacrificed, for instance, much to enter society. I’ve heard of many of their sacrifices, and yet there’s only one that I remember vividly.

“A woman newly rich was invited to an aristocratic dinner-party. During the course of fowl and salad, she noticed with dismay a fat, furry caterpillar on her topmost leaf of lettuce. Glancing up, she met her aristocratic hostess’s eye. The hostess, too, had seen the caterpillar. Her gaze



implored the guest to save the dinner from catastrophe.

"The guest gave her hostess a reassuring smile. Then she doubled a lettuce leaf around the caterpillar and calmly swallowed it. The look of awe and gratitude that her hostess gave her was an assurance that her footing in society was at last firmly established.

" 'Do you think,' she said to her daughter afterward, 'that I'd lose a chance of establishing the family socially for a little thing like a caterpillar?' "



J. PIERPONT MORGAN, at a recent diocesan convention in New York, amused a group of clergymen with this story of a minister:

"He was as ignorant, this good man, of financial matters," said Mr. Morgan, "as the average financier is of matters ecclesiastical. He once received a check—the first in his life—and took it to a bank for payment.

" 'But you must indorse the check,' said the paying teller.

" 'Indorse it?' said the old minister in a puzzled tone.

" 'Yes, of course. It must be indorsed on the back.'

" 'I see,' said the minister. And, turning the check over, he wrote across the back of it, 'I heartily indorse this check.' "

LUTHER BURBANK, the plant wizard of California, said of honey, apropos of a flower that bees love:

"This flower grows abundantly near Santa Barbara, and there was once a young Californian who often visited a leading Santa Barbara hotel because they have such excellent honey there — honey the bees make from this flower.

"Well, the young man got married in due course and the wedding-trip itinerary must include Santa Barbara, so that the bride might taste this superb honey. But the first morning at the Santa Barbara hotel there was no honey on the breakfast table. The bridegroom frowned. He called the old familiar waiter over to him.

"'Where's my honey?' he demanded.

"The waiter hesitated, looked awkwardly at the bride, then bent toward the young man's ear, and in a stage whisper stammered:

"'Er — Mamie don't work here no more, sir.'"



EX-MAYOR DUNNE, of Chicago, says that he recently visited a barber-shop where the barber, failing to recognise him, was very talkative.

"Have you ever been here before?" asked the barber.

"Once," said the mayor.

"Strange that I don't recall your face."

"Not at all," the mayor assured him. "It altered greatly in healing."

CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN, the Norwegian explorer, relates an incident which, he observed, proves how women are addicted to the very habit of pretence.

"At a recent reception, a handsome young woman who was stylishly clad entered the room, saying to the footman in a loud and peremptory tone of voice, 'Kindly tell my chauffeur to bring the limousine back in about an hour.'

"The footman went, and in a few moments, just as the young woman was about to shake hands with the hostess, he returned to say, in a voice perfectly audible throughout the room, 'Your chauffeur says he can't come back in an hour, ma'am, because he's got another taxi-party for then, ma'am.'"



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ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, the famous novelist, tells of a New York friend who recently visited a Chicago cousin. "Henry," said the New Yorker, "before I leave town I want to be sure and visit the Stock-Yards, the Art Institute, and the Field

Museum. I suppose it's an old story to you, so if you'll direct me right I'll find them myself."

The Chicago man laughed. "I'm ashamed to admit it," he said, "but the fact is I've lived in Chicago for fifteen years, and I've never been out to the Stock-Yards, nor visited the Field Museum or Art Institute, although I pass the last two every day of my life. I guess I'll take a day off and accompany you."

He did and was as much interested as his cousin.

A week later, as he was bidding his relative good-bye, the Westerner said, "When I go to New York this fall I want you to take me out to Ellis Island to see the immigrants land. It must be a great sight. And I want to get a view from the Statue of Liberty and walk through the Bowery."

"Sure, Henry," answered the New York cousin, "I'd like to do those things for once myself."



"PRIVATE" JOHN ALLEN, of Tupelo, Mississippi, tells this one on himself:

"Court had been in session in Tupelo, and there were a lot of visiting lawyers. They were congenial souls, and naturally a little game of poker started down at the hotel. I stayed out for several nights, but finally the breakfast-table arguments got so pointed that I had to promise to be in that evening by eleven o'clock.

"When eleven o'clock came I cleaned up, and

could not leave a winner — that would have been snide — so I stayed to give the boys a chance to get their money back. Also there was plenty of the sort of drinkables prohibited by law in Mississippi.

“Finally the game broke up, and I looked at the clock; it was two-thirty! I started for home, making the best time I could, slipped off my shoes at the front steps, pulled off my clothes in the hall, slipped into the bedroom, and began to slip into the bed with the ease of experience.

“Mrs. Allen has a blamed fine dog that on cold nights insists on jumping in the bed with us. So when I began to slide under the covers she stirred in her sleep and pushed me on the head.

“‘Get down, Fido, get down!’ she said.

“And, gentlemen, I just did have presence of mind enough to lick her hand, and she dozed off again!”



GEORGE ADE had finished his speech at a recent dinner-party, and on seating himself a well-known lawyer rose, shoved his hands deep into his trousers' pockets, as was his habit, and laughingly inquired of those present,

“Doesn't it strike the company as a little unusual that a professional humorist should be funny?”

When the laugh had subsided, Ade drawled out,

“Doesn't it strike the company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?”

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, at a dinner at Bar Harbor in honour of his sloop *Aurora's* victory in the squadron run from Portland to Rockland, said aptly:

"Yachts like these, then, don't come under the cynical definition I once heard a Camden lobsterman give.

" 'What, exactly, is a yacht?' a lady said to this old lobsterman.

"He plugged a lobster's claws and answered mockingly:

" 'What's a yacht? Oh, ye just take an old tub or craft, an' fill her up with whiskey an' chicken an' cigars, an' git yer friends all on board, an' have a high old time — an' thet's a yacht.' "



J. OGDEN ARMOUR said recently that the public seemed to think the beef-packers make money as easily as did the country boy who witnessed the killing of a calf by an automobile.

"No use of talking," he drawled to a passer-by, "thar certainly is money in cattle."

"In the stock-raising business, do you mean?" asked the stranger.

"No, not exactly. An automobile ran over that calf a few minutes ago, an' the driver got out an' handed me five dollars."

"Five dollars? That's not much for a good-sized calf."

"Yes, but, mister, the calf wasn't mine."

SENATOR ASHURST, of Arizona, was talking of a fellow Senator who had been sitting on the political fence for some time with great skill. "He reminds me," said Senator Ashurst, "of an incident that followed the killing of Jesse James, the outlaw.

"A stranger entered the morgue and, raising his hat in an exceedingly polite manner to the morgue keeper, said, 'Sir, would you do me a very great favour? Will you permit me to see all that is mortal of the honourable Jesse James?'

"'Why, sure,' replied the morgue keeper, as he walked to the marble slab and pulled down the sheet which covered the dead robber. The stranger gazed earnestly at the remains and then, replacing his hat, he started to leave.

"'Just a moment,' said the morgue keeper, 'will you tell me why you called the dead man "the honourable Jesse James"?' "

"'Because, sir,' replied the stranger, 'I wasn't quite certain he was dead.' "



SEWELL FORD tells this one about a neighbour of his at Barnegat on the New Jersey coast:

"It was a very dark night and my friend was riding home on his bicycle, which was minus a lamp. He came to a cross-roads, and was in doubt which way to turn. After some fumbling in his pocket he found a lone match, and with it in his teeth he proceeded to scale the sign post to read the names of the two forking lanes. The pole was an unusually high one, but he managed to reach the top, and striking his match read the words, 'Wet Paint.' "



JOB HEDGES, the well-known New York lawyer, is perhaps better known for his after-dinner wit. The following is one of his anecdotes:

Pat and Mike were sleeping at a farm house. Mike got hungry in the night and slipped out of the room without awakening Pat.

"Whar you been, Mike?" Pat demanded as Mike re-entered the room.

"Sure an' Oi was afther bein' down to the panthry to git a bite to ate, Patsy, boy," Mike whispered cautiously as he climbed into bed again.

"Sure, Moike, an' it's meself will be afther doin' the same," Pat declared, as he rolled quietly out of bed.

"Good luck to yez, Patsy, boy," Mike whispered, "but yez wants to keep a sharp lookout for the old mon when yez passes trough his room. It's



meself thet stumbled over a chair on me way back, an' when he yelled out, rale sharp like, 'Who's thar?' I jest stood still in me tracks and sez 'Me-ow, me-ow,' an' he sez, sez he, 'Ef it ain't that durn old cat agin!' an' then he turned over on his side an' went to slape like a bebbly, an' Oi slipped out quiet loike."

"Sure, an' thet was aisy done, Mike," Pat whispered back. "Sure an' it's meself will be afther doin' the same."

And five minutes later when Pat stumbled over a pair of shoes in the farmer's room, and a stentorian voice roared out, "Who's there?" Pat felt perfectly safe from detection, as he answered in a rich Irish brogue:

"Loiy still, soir, loiy still. Oi'm the cat."



SENATOR TILLMAN, referring to one of his antagonists in Congress, said the other day, "He reminds me of the London cabby who stood glaring at another cabby whose vehicle had gotten in his way.

" 'Aw, wot's the matter with yer?' demanded the aggressive one.

" 'Nothink's the matter with me, yer bloomin' idjut.'

" 'Yer gave me a nawsty look,' persisted the other.

" 'Me? Wull, yer certainly 'ave a nawsty look, but I didn't give it to yer, so 'elp me.' "

SPEAKER CANNON tells this tale on Ex-President Taft, though he is always careful to assure his hearers that he will not vouch for the accuracy of it.

"It was when the President was merely Mr. Secretary and was visiting Japan on his famous trip through the Far East. Mr. Taft was caught fast asleep in a hammock by a moving-picture man, and this interesting film was being shown at a county fair in my home State, Illinois. The motion picture was being reeled off to the great amusement of the rural spectators, when a huge flaw-line suddenly darted across the film, and the screen went dark.

"‘Land o’ mercy, Hiram,’ gasped an old lady in the rear of the hall. ‘What was that?’

"‘Hush up, Mirandy,’ croaked the husband. ‘Don’t yew ask so many questions. I reckon that’s where the hammock busted.’"



GEORGE ADE, with a fellow American, was travelling in the Orient, and his companion one day fell into a heated argument with an old Arab. Ade's friend complained to him afterward that although he had spent years in studying Arabic in preparation for this trip he could not understand a word that the native said.

"Never mind," replied Ade consolingly. "You see the old duffer hasn't a tooth in his head, and he was only talking gum-Arabie."

JOHN HOLLIS BANKHEAD, senior United States Senator from Alabama, is a law-giver to the old school who proudly proclaims that he sprung from the "peepul" and by them unaided and alone has been kept in the Congress for the past quarter of a century or so. But even Mr. Bankhead at times has a quiet laugh at the homely unsophistications of some of his constituents.



"There's Julius Green, of Pickens County," said Mr. Bankhead. "I met him again on my last tour of the provinces. 'Howdy, Julius?' I said.

"'Po'ly,' said Julius.

"'What's the matter?' I asked solieitously.

"'I been a-havin' hard luck, Colonel,' replied Julius, despondently. 'You know,' he went on, and in his eyes was the shadow of dejection, 'I had a piece of bacon I kept to boil peas with. The other day I lent it to Devereaux Henderson, and his wife boiled black peas with it and ruined it.'"



"OH, that's a mere quibble," said Walter Camp, Yale's athletic adviser, during a discussion of foot-

ball rules. "It reminds me of two boys of a friend of mine whom I visited last summer.

" 'Here,' said the mother to the older of them one day, 'here is a banana. Divide it with your little brother, and see that he gets the lion's share.'

"The younger child a few minutes later set up a great bawling. 'Mamma,' he shrieked, 'John hasn't given me any banana.'

" 'What's this?' said the mother, hurrying in.

" 'It's all right,' explained the older boy. 'Lions don't eat bananas.' "



ONE of Ex-President Taft's favourite stories, recently told over the coffee and cigars at an informal dinner in the White House, runs thus:

"A clergyman's little boy was spending the afternoon with the bishop's children.

" 'At the rectory,' said the humble preacher's son, 'we've got a hen that lays an egg every day.'

" 'Pooh,' said the bishop's boy, 'my father lays a foundation stone once a week.' "



JOHN A. DIX, former Governor of New York, was once a hunter of big game. Some years ago, deer season found him and his father-in-law, Lemon Thompson, in the Tupper Lake Region. Their guide had set off on a still hunt, so they backed themselves against a stone wall and awaited developments. When curiosity prompted Dix to turn and peer over the barrier, a spot of light brown

flashed in the brush on the farther side. Instantly, scarce bringing gun to shoulder, he fired. The crash of a heavy fall indicated that the shot had taken effect, and both men sprang hurriedly to their feet.

"Well," exclaimed Thompson, "I reckon we got him that time."

Even at this moment of excitement Dix paused in his ascent of the stone wall to return emphatically: "We? There is no we about it, I got him all by myself."

Pride goeth before a fall. Much to the disgust and mortification of the younger man and to the unholy delight of the elder, investigation proved the victim to be a full-blooded heifer of no small dimensions.

"Phew!" said Dix. "Guess we made a mistake."

"No," sadly replied Thompson. "No, John, we made no mistake. You did that all by yourself."



DR. ARTHUR WILLIAM WHITE, of Yale, delights in telling of his experience with an inventor of the unletter-genius type who came to the professor with a model of a perpetual-motion machine.

"H'm; looks plausible," observed Dr. White, "but it won't work. What are you going to do about gravity?"

"Gravity!" said the visitor scornfully. "T'ell wit' gravity; we'll use plenty o' grease."

SENATOR CUMMINS, of Iowa, was discussing the child-labour problem in the lobby of a Washington hotel the other night. Said he: "When we consider the indifference with which so many of our great men look upon the child-labour evil, we can't help wondering if these men are so very great, after all."

The senator paused and smiled.

"An orator," he said, "was addressing an assemblage of the people. He recounted the people's wrongs. Then he passionately cried:

" 'Where are America's great men? Why don't they take up the cudgel in our defence? In the face of our manifold wrongs, why do they remain cold, immovable, silent?'

" 'Because they're all east in bronze,' shouted a cynic in the rear."



REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM H. EMORY, while attached to the navy yard, New York, had under his command a young Barbadoes negro whom he enlisted as a mess attendant while at the Islands.

The admiral was busily engaged with a large amount of official mail when the mess attendant came in hurriedly announcing, "A message from de general, sah."

"General who?" inquired the admiral.

"General Delibery, sah," replied the innocent-looking negro, handing the admiral a general-delivery letter.

GENERAL J. C. BLACK, ex-President of the United States Civil Service Commission, tells this tender little story: "One of my dearest friends is a pastor of a rural church. One evening while I was visiting him, a young couple came to be married. The young man was bashful.

" 'We—we want you to marry us,' said the youth.

" 'Come in,' said my friend, opening the door wide, hoping to overcome their embarrassment.

" 'Will you be married with a ring?' he asked.

"The young man turned a helpless gaze on his companion, who returned his look with one of equal helplessness. Then he turned to the pastor.

" 'Well,' he said, at length, 'if you've got one to spare and it can come out of the two dollars, I guess she'd like it.' "



EX-GOVERNOR PENNYPACKER, of Pennsylvania, told this story recently, apropos of the graft



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scandals through which the State had just passed:

“A minister before a hot election incidentally discussed the different candidates and concluded rather passionately with,

“‘God will govern Pennsylvania!’

“The brief silence that followed was brought to an abrupt end by an indignant individual in the last row who defiantly exclaimed in a ringing voice audible to the entire gathering,

“‘I’ll wager twenty dollars he don’t carry Pittsburg.’”



GENERAL FUNSTON tells a story of a soldier in the Philippines, who was nursed through the rice fever. On his recovery he thanked the nurse like this:

“Thank you very much, ma’am, fer yer kindness. I sha’n’t never forgit it. If ever there was a fallen angel, you’re one.”



SENATOR McLEAN, of Connecticut, is a great fisherman and hunter. Last spring he invited two companions to accompany him to a shooting-camp in the North woods. When they entered the little cabin their attention was attracted to the unusual position of a new stove, which was set on posts about four feet high.

One of the senator’s companions began to comment upon the knowledge woodsmen gain by ob-



servation. "Now," said he, "this man has discovered that the heat radiating from the stove strikes the roof and the circulation is so quickened that the camp is warmed in much less time than would be required if the stove were in its regular position."

The other was of the opinion that it was elevated to be above the window in order that the cool and pure air could be had at night. Senator McLean, being more practical, contended that it was raised in order that a good supply of green wood could be placed beneath it to dry.

After considerable argument each man placed a five-dollar bill upon the table and agreed to let the guide settle the dispute.

"Wall," said he, "when I brought that 'ere stove up th' river I lost most of th' stove-pipe overboard and had to set it up there so as ter hav' th' pipe reach through th' roof."

He got the money.



JACK LONDON has a great affection for children. In San Francisco there are twin sisters of whom Mr. London is very fond. On his way to his boat one morning the author met one of the twins. He stopped and shook her hand.

"Good morning, my dear," he said. "And which of the twins are you?"

The little girl answered gravely, "I'm the one what's out walkin'."

COL. WILLIAM F. CODY ("Buffalo Bill") regaled a group of friends in New York with this story, taken out of his early experiences in the show business:

"My manager came dashing into the circus office one day with tear-dimmed eyes and a scowling countenance. 'What's the matter, John?' I asked. 'Everything's the matter,' he growled. 'The human crocodile says he'll quit and pawn his crocodile skin if he doesn't get a raise in salary, the bearded lady wants an extra package of tobacco every day and cussed me out because I wouldn't provide him with a poker outfit, the "Missing Link" wants to go to the races this afternoon while the matinée performance is on, the fasting girl says she'd rather starve than eat the steak the local butcher sent in this morning, and the tattooed man fell into a mill-pond half an hour ago and smeared up all his beautiful signs and will have to be sent back to New York to be redecorated.' "



JOHN GOLDEN, comic opera composer and successful playwright, tells of a mother, who, trying to break her little boy of swearing, threatened that the next time he used a bad word she would banish him from home. It was not long, however, before little Alfred swore again. The habit was too strong.

"'I am very sorry, Alfred,' said the mother,

with genuine concern, 'but I have never broken my word to you, so now you must leave home.'

"The nurse was instructed to pack Alfred's little toy suitcase, and he, without a whimper, kissed his mother good-bye and departed.

"His mother watched him sorrowfully as he walked down the street, but he never once turned around. A few steps farther and he deposited his burden on the ground, perched solemnly on the curb, and, chin in hands, fell into deep meditation. This was too much for the mother; she started down the street and tiptoed up behind Master Alfred. An old gentleman was crossing the street in the direction of her boy, so she drew back, and heard him pompously ask: 'Child, where do the Scotts live around here?'

"Alfred raised his large, solemn, brown eyes, regarded the old gentleman coldly, and replied:

"'You go to——. I have troubles of my own.'"



PRIME MINISTER ASQUITH, of England, is responsible for the following:

"An English professor wrote on the blackboard in his laboratory 'Professor Blank informs his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to his Majesty, King George.'

"During the morning he had some occasion to leave the room and found on his return that some student wag had added the words,

"'God save the King.'"



SENATOR WILLIAM O. BRADLEY, of Kentucky, tells this good yarn:

“Last fall there died in Louisville a lawyer who, for years, had shocked a large number of friends by his rather liberal views touching religion. A friend of the deceased who cut short a hunting trip to hurry back to the city for the purpose of attending the last rites for his colleague, en-

tered the late lawyer's home some few minutes after the beginning of the service.

“‘What part of the service is this?’ he inquired in a whisper of another legal friend who was standing in the crowded hallway.

“‘I’ve just come myself,’ the other replied, ‘but I believe they’ve opened for the defence.’”



GOVERNOR DENEEN, of Illinois, is not a vegetarian. Neither is he at all in sympathy with the movement, as this story of his indicates:

“One day,” said the governor, “I overheard a conversation in a Springfield restaurant that pleased me mightily. Two persons, a man and a woman

—both evidently strangers, however—sat near me. She was a vegetarian, and, glancing at his plate, took occasion to warn him against ‘making a graveyard of his stomach.’

“‘But,’ protested the man, smiling politely, ‘I seldom eat meat.’

“‘You have ordered eggs,’ she said tartly, ‘and an egg is practically the same as meat. It eventually becomes a chicken.’

“‘The kind of eggs I eat never become chickens,’ remarked the stranger quietly.

“‘Impossible,’ she exclaimed. ‘What kind of eggs do you eat?’

“‘Boiled eggs,’ replied the stranger.”



“TOO many of us,” says August Belmont, “are like the trustee who expected his great-uncle to leave him his fortune of five thousand dollars. The great-uncle died, and in a few days the trustee appeared in his old haunts, dressed in deep mourning, with a huge and perfect diamond in his black silk tie.

“‘Ah,’ said a friend, ‘your uncle is dead. Sincere sympathy. Left you that legacy, I suppose? But where did you get that beautiful stone?’

“The trustee smiled grimly. ‘My great-uncle,’ he explained, ‘did not include me among the beneficiaries of his will. He left, in fact, all his money for a stone which should commemorate his memory. This is the stone.’”



J. A. GILMORE, president of the new Federal Baseball League which is so gallantly bucking its way into the lucrative field of organised baseball, tells this one:

“The morning after the wreck of one of the fastest trains in the country, an old farmer and myself were standing on the bank of the river into which the train had plunged.

“Naturally our conversation reverted to the wreck and the fortunate escape of all the passengers.

“‘It was the costliest train in the world,’ I said reflectively.

“ ‘Yes,’ grunted the farmer, intently gazing into the stream.

“ ‘And also the best-equipped,’ I continued, absorbed in the estimation of the loss involved.

“ ‘There’s no doubt about it,’ assented the old fellow, ‘I’ve fished more than a dozen bottles out of the water already.’ ”



JOHN BARRETT, Director of the Bureau of South American Republics, tells his story apropos of the dilemmas of many of the public office-seekers of to-day.

“ It happened in the time when herds of buffalo grazed along the foothills of the Western mountains. Two hardy prospectors fell in with a bull bison that appeared to have been separated from his kind and run amuck. One of the prospectors took to the tall timbers and the other dived into a cave. The buffalo bellowed at the entrance to the cavern and then turned his attention toward the tree. The man in the cave came cautiously out and the buffalo took after him again. The man made another dive for the hole. After this same scene had been enacted several times the man up the tree yelled to his comrade, who, pale and trembling, stood at the mouth of the cavern: ‘Stay in the cave, you idiot!’

“ ‘You don’t know nothin’ about this hole,’ yelled back the other, tremulously. ‘There’s a bear in it.’ ”

SIMEON FORD, the well-known after-dinner speaker, not long ago told this story of a Pennsylvania Sunday-school: "A young woman of philanthropic motives was teaching a dozen or more little ones in the mining district.

" 'Now, where did I tell you the Saviour was born?' she asked of the class one morning.

" 'Allentown!' shrieked a grimy twelve-year-old.

" 'Why, what do you mean, Thomas? I told you he was born at Bethlehem.'

" 'Well,' was the reply, 'I knowed 'twuz some place on de Lchigh Valley.' "



SENATOR JAMES GORDON, whose brief service as one of Mississippi's representatives in the upper house of Congress was memorable, was discussing the moral responsibility of the negro recently.

" 'They simply don't understand, that's all,' he said. "When I was a small boy my mother had a woman named Martha who went in and out of the matrimonial state without the slightest regard for the statute-law on the subject. When she tired of one husband she would leave him, and when a soul mate came along she would marry him out of hand. In this way she acquired six spouses that we knew of.

"One day after Martha had been away for a week I overheard this conversation in the next room between my mother and the negress:



“ ‘Well, Martha, you’ve come back.’

“ ‘Yas’m, ah’m back. I lef’ Walter sho’ enuf.’

“ ‘Where have you been?’

“ ‘Ah’ve been down to Jim Fisher’s fo’ de pas’ week.’

“ ‘Jim Fisher’s? Why, Martha, I thought Jim Fisher was married. Is he a relative of yours?’

“ ‘No’m, he ain’t zackly no relation, missy. You see, Jim was my firs’ husband, but he ain’t no relation.’ ”



JAMES WILSON, Secretary of Agriculture, tells this story:

“About noonday a farmer met a boy who was struggling with a load of overturned hay. ‘Come home with me, feed your horses, and eat your dinner, and we will come back and put it on the wagon,’ said the horny-handed one.

“ ‘I’m afraid pappy might not like it,’ rejoined the bucolic youth. The farmer urged, and finally, although still protesting that he was ‘afeared pappy might not like it,’ the boy unhitched and accepted the invitation. An hour later they returned to the scene.

“ ‘Isn’t this better than staying here hungry and tired?’ exclaimed the farmer, as he tossed a fork full of hay on the wagon. ‘Yes, but I’m afeared pappy might not like it,’ was the rejoinder.

“ ‘Where is your pappy, anyhow?’

“ ‘Pappy, he’s under the hay.’ ”



WILLIAM H. CRANE, the actor, says he first learned what true love is by accidentally overhearing a brief conversation between a young man and a very pretty girl. "And you're sure you love me?" said she. "Love you?" echoed the young fellow. "Why, darling, while I was bidding you good-bye on the porch last night your dog bit a piece out of the calf of my leg, and I never noticed it till I got home."



MISS MAUDE ADAMS has a favourite story about a certain "Miss Johnsing" and an uncertain "Culpeper Pete," once known to her. The man, says Miss Adams, was an unusually bashful coloured person, and she goes on:

"Pete became enamoured of the dusky maiden, and not having the courage to 'pop' face to face, called up the house where she worked and asked for her over the telephone. There was a long nervous pause for him, for the wire was 'busy.' Never did darky perspire more freely or roll his eyes more ludicrously than when 'central' finally

yelled, 'Here's yer party.' In trembling tones Pete asked,

" 'Is dat Miss Johnsing? ' "

" 'Ya-as.' "

" 'Well, Miss Johnsing, I's got a most important question to ask you.' "

" 'Ya-as.' "

" 'Will you marry me? ' "

" 'Ya-as. Who is it, please? ' "



WALLACE EDDINGER, the crisp, clean, young leading man in "Seven Keys to Baldpate," tells this story of a young man who had returned home from college to spend the Christmas vacation.

"One of the things most noticed by the young collegian was Eleanor, the daughter of Hiram Sohmer, a near neighbour, who during his absence had developed from a tomboyish schoolgirl into a very beautiful and charming young woman. It seems his father had also noticed the change, and remarked to his son, 'Andrew, have you noticed how old Hiram Sohmer's daughter, Eleanor, has shot up? 'Pears to me she's gettin' to be a mighty han'som' young critter.' "

" 'She certainly is, father,' assented Andrew, enthusiastically. 'Eleanor is as beautiful as Hebe! ' "

" 'Where are your eyes, son? ' queried the father, disdainfully. 'She's a durn sight purtier than he be! Old Hiram is as homely as Cy Cobbs' bull pup! ' "

SENATOR JEFF DAVIS, of Arkansas, tells this story on himself:

“I had an appointment to speak at a town in eastern Arkansas on a Saturday, and I arrived on a late train the night before, carrying nothing but a small hand-grip. I went to a hotel near the depot. There was no one on duty at this hour except the night porter, and he was acting as porter, clerk, and general overseer. I registered, and he showed me to a room; but in a few minutes he came back and said,

“ ‘Boss, my ’struction is, when a gemman haven’t any baggage, to collect in advanee.’ ”

“ ‘Why, I’ve got baggage,’ I replied, pointing to the little grip.

“ ‘I know, sir, boss,’ he said, ‘but you’ve stayed too long on that already.’ ”



NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, the now famous New York preacher and author, some years ago took charge of the First Presbyterian Church of Evanston, Illinois. Shortly after going there he required the service of a physician, and on the advice of one of his parishioners called in a doctor noted for his ability properly to emphasise a good story, but who attended church very rarely. He proved very satisfactory to the young preacher, but for some reason could not be induced to render a bill. Finally Dr. Hillis becoming alarmed at the inroads the bill might make in modest stipend, went to the

physician and said, "See here, Doctor, I must know how much I owe you."

After some urging, the physician replied: "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do with you, Hillis. They say you're a pretty good preacher, and you seem to think I am a fair doctor, so I'll make this bargain with you. I'll do all I can to keep you out of heaven if you do all you can to keep me out of hell, and it won't cost either of us a cent. Is it a go?"



REVIEWING the recent Cannonading in Congress the Hon. Bourke Cockran radiated this bit of sunshine at a Democratic rally dinner the other evening. He was reminded of a fellow countryman who had repeatedly demanded a transfer of a German-American conductor on a Broadway surface car. Each request had met with an exasperating, "Nein."

"'Bedad, Oi'll have me transfer or Oi'll have yer job, ye tongue-tied spalpeen!' declared the son of Erin with accumulating fervour.

"'Nein, nein, nein.'

"'Whist!' warned Pat at length, squaring off belligerently. 'Gimme thot transfer or Oi'll foight ye fuhr it.'

"'You fight me — meinsel?' rejoined the other, surveying his irate fare with astonishment. 'Schr wohl!' triumphantly. 'I fool you. Take der transfer.'"

GLENN H. CURTISS says of the Wright Brothers good-humouredly:

“‘They don’t own the air, you know. Did you hear about that conversation that was overheard between them at the Dayton plant?’

“‘Orville,’ cried Wilbur, running out of the doors excitedly, ‘look! Here’s another aviator using our patent!’

“‘He certainly is!’ shouted Orville. ‘That’s our simultaneous warping and steering movement to a T!’

“‘Call a cop!’ screamed Wilbur. ‘Get another injunction!’

“But Orville, who had looked up through his binoculars, laid his hand gently on his brother’s arm. ‘Come on back to work, Wilbur,’ he said; ‘it’s a duck.’”



CARDINAL GIBBONS is kindness itself in his dealings with the clergy under his charge; but at times he takes a quiet fling at young ones whom he thinks will be benefited by kindly humour. At a dinner recently, where a young orator was the recipient of congratulations for a masterly effort, his Eminence told this story:

“A well-known divine was delivering a eulogy over a fireman killed at his post. Waxing poetic, the preacher said, ‘The soldier hath fought his last fight, the sailor had gone on his last voyage, the fireman hath gone to his last fire.’”

CLARENCE DARROW, so it is related, when a very young man, just starting out to practise law, was once retained by a merchant to defend him in a suit for damages brought by an employé. Unfortunately for Mr. Darrow, his client completely lost his head under cross-examination, furnishing evidence so vastly favourable to the prosecution as to result in a four-thousand dollar verdict.



The merchant, however, was highly indignant with his lawyer for having lost the case, and allowed but a very short while to elapse before he acquainted him of his feelings about it.

"If I had a son born an idiot," he blustered, "I'd make him a lawyer."

"Your father seems to have been of another opinion," calmly rejoined Mr. Darrow.



COL. JOHN BREATHITT, of Mexico, New Mexico, and Missouri, was in Washington a bit ago extolling the precociousness of his four-year-old son and heir. Breathitt, junior, had eaten the

inside of his toast at breakfast, leaving the crusts in the offing. His father reprimanded him.

"When I was a little boy I always ate the crusts as well as the inside of my toast," he said.

"Did you like them?" was the cheerful inquiry.

"Y-es."

"Do you like them now?" pursued the youngster.

"Yes, very much."

"Well, you may have these," said the incorrigible, benevolently pushing over the discarded crusts.



EX-GOVERNOR PATTERSON, of Tennessee, tells this story:

"Down in Nashville there is a darky, a carpenter by trade, with a local reputation for quickness at repartee. Not many months ago Ephraim was subpoenaed as witness before a justice of peace at Nashville. Under severe cross-examination the witness displayed great patience and self-control, and all went smoothly until Ephraim was questioned as to his occupation.

" 'I's a cahpenter, sah,' he answered.

" 'What kind of a carpenter? ' "

" 'Dey call me a jack-leg cahpenter, sah.' "

" 'Jack-leg carpenter? ' repeated the prosecuting attorney sharply. 'What is a jack-leg carpenter? ' "

" 'Well, sah, a jack-leg cahpenter is what us



cullud fokes calls a cahpenter what ain't a fust-class cahpenter.'

" 'I fail to understand you,' said the lawyer, with growing severity. 'You'll have to be more exact. What is the difference between a first-class carpenter and a jack-leg carpenter?'

" 'Well, sah, mebbe it might be explanationed by saying dat de dif'rence is jest about de same as between you and a fust-class lawyer, sah,' responded Ephraim with a grin."



W. J. ("Fingy") CONNERS, the New York politician, who is not precisely a Chesterfield, secured his first great freight-handling contract when he was a roustabout on the Buffalo docks. When the job was about to begin he called a thousand burly "dock-wallopers" to order, as narrated by one of his business friends:

"Now," roared Connors, "yez are to worruk for me, and I want ivery man here to understand what's what. I kin lick anny man in the gang."

Nine hundred and ninety-nine swallowed the insult, but one huge, double-fisted warrior moved uneasily, and stepping from the line, he said, "You can't lick me, Jim Connors."

"I can't, can't I?" bellowed "Fingy."

"No, you can't," was the determined response.

"Oh, well, thin, go to the office and git your money," said "Fingy." "I'll have no man in me gang that I can't lick."

EX-GOVERNOR DRAPER, of Massachusetts, has an amusing anecdote about a friend who is the owner of a large manufacturing plant near Hopedale.

"One day," said Mr. Draper, "through his own carelessness, a man was injured in the mill. My friend took the accident very much to heart; paid all the expenses incurred, and when the man became convalescent he stopped in to read aloud to him.

" 'Thot's foine,' said the patient, as the first chapter was completed; 'read it agin.' After the second reading, the man said earnestly, 'Plaze, sor, if ye do not moind, wud ye sit on th' bed by me an' read it again?'

" 'Certainly,' said the visitor, 'but before I do, tell me why the opening chapter comforts you so.'

" 'Beeause, sor, ye've a rich breath, an' whin Oi closes me eyes Oi seems to be out wid th' B'ys.' "



KING ALBERT, of Belgium, like his sportive uncle, is exceedingly fond of Paris. He visits the gay capital as often as the affairs of state permit. Usually he stops at one of the quieter hotels. "I was standing outside the Hotel Bristol not long ago," he narrates, "when some dozen or more men and women of the French peasant type gathered on the opposite side of the street. They kept gazing at the main entrance and whispering among themselves. Presently one of them approached me and

asked when the king would come out for his afternoon constitutional. 'The King?' I repeated. 'What king?'

" 'Why, his Majesty King Albert,' said the man. 'We have been waiting an hour just to catch a glimpse of him.'

" 'Don't bother any more,' I said, 'he isn't worth waiting for.'

"The old fellow gave me a fierce scowl, hurried over to his companions, and shaking a knotted forefinger at me cried out: 'It is lucky for you that you are not in King Albert's country. You would be properly punished for your impudence over there.'

"I should like," added the King, "to have those Frenchmen for subjects, only I think they should at least know what their ruler looked like."



CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER tells a tale of the days when he was a struggling dispenser of the law in Maine and was locally known as "Judge."

"Several hams had been stolen from our smoke-house, and although I missed them at once I said nothing about it to any one. A few days later a neighbour called informally.

" 'Say, Judge,' said he, 'I heard yew had some hams stole t'other night?'

" 'Yes,' I replied, very confidentially, 'but don't tell any one. You and I are the only ones who know it.' "

WILLIAM LAWRENCE, bishop of Massachusetts, delights in telling this story:

“Once when there was a vacancy in Massachusetts bishopric, Phillips Brooks was the most likely candidate. I was walking with President Eliot one day, and in the course of the conversation, I said to him, ‘Do you think Brooks will be elected?’

“‘Well, no,’ said Dr. Eliot, ‘a second- or third-rate man would do as well.’

“Phillips Brooks was elected, and a short time afterward Dr. Eliot and I were walking again.

“‘Glad Brooks was elected, aren’t you?’ I asked.

“‘I suppose so,’ returned Dr. Eliot, ‘but to tell the truth, William, you were my man.’”



CAPTAIN CHARLES of the *Lusitania* relates the following:

“Last summer I was showing a young woman friend over the ship during one of our westward trips, and as we passed through the steerage I called my fair companion’s attention to a strapping big English emigrant who was putting away with knife, fork, and spoon a huge midday meal.

“‘Just look at the enormous amount of food that fellow is consuming,’ said I.

“‘I suppose, Captain,’ said the young lady, with a dimpling smile, ‘he is what you sailors call a stowaway.’”

JOHN T. FEATHERSTON, who has succeeded big Bill Edwards in the task of keeping New York's streets clean, in discussing the various departments in the running of a city told about a certain playwright whose company was to give a performance of his play in the Ludlow Street Jail before Sheriff Harburger's guests, held for the non-payment of alimony. The playwright had been in Westchester County automobiling that day. Toward nightfall he threw in the high speed and tore for town. The story goes on in the playwright's own words:



"It happened that that was the day the police started their crusade against speeders. Any other day I could have clattered through town on two wheels, and no one would have worried.

"This day I was nipped at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street.

" 'Let me go,' I begged of the policeman, 'I'm on my way to Ludlow Street Jail.'

" 'It seems to me,' said the copper, 'that you're doggone particular.'

"Which occurs to me as rather rapid repartee."

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, President of Columbia University, relates an amusing incident that goes to prove there has been a considerable advancement, in the last half-century, in the remuneration of teachers.

"When I was a boy," says President Butler, "it was the custom for the country people to work out their taxes by boarding the teacher. This meant that as part pay he was from time to time supplied from various quarters with fresh meat.

"One day a boy named Tim Moorehead breathlessly sought our instructor, exclaiming, 'Say, teacher, my pa wants to know if you like pork.'

" 'Indeed I do, Tim,' answered the pedagogue. 'Say to your father that there is nothing in the way of meat I like better than pork.'

"Some time passed, but there was no pork from Tim's father.

" 'How about the pork your father was to send me?' the teacher asked the boy, one day.

" 'Oh,' answered Tim, 'the pig got well.' "



JAMES J. HILL, the railroad king, told the following amusing incident, happening on one of his roads:

"One of our division superintendents had received numerous complaints that freight-trains were in the habit of stopping on a grade crossing in a certain small town, thereby blocking travel for long periods. He issued orders, but still the kicks came

in. Finally he decided to investigate personally.

"A short man in size, and very excitable, he went down to the crossing, and, sure enough, there stood, in defiance of his orders, a long freight-train, anchored squarely across it. A brakeman who didn't know him by sight sat complacently on the top of a car.

" 'Move that train on!' sputtered the little 'super.' 'Get it off the crossing so people can pass. Move it on, I say!'

"The brakeman surveyed the tempestuous little man from head to foot. 'You go to blazes, you little shrimp,' he replied. 'You're small enough to crawl under.'"



CHAMP CLARK, successor to "Uncle Joe," is fond of telling about an old minister named Wilson who once preached a sermon against the "top-knot," a style of hat much worn by women during the middle of the nineteenth century.

He gave as his text, "Top-knot, come down," adding that it was taken from Matthew, twenty-fourth chapter, seventeenth verse, and preached a sermon against the modern tendency toward frivolity.

At the close of the sermon there was a rustling of leaves as the congregation turned to the text, followed by a ripple of mirth as they read,

"Let him which is on the house-top not come down to take anything out of his house!"

HON. JOHN BARRETT, director of the International Bureau of American Republics, and an ex-newspaperman of wide note, has this "shop-talk" story for the regalement of his friends:

A reporter, on being directed to interview a visiting English traveller, was told that after that distinguished person's name should be placed the letters, "M. I. C. E."—Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers.

"That's easy to remember," thought the scribe, "'M. I. C. E.' spells mice — can't forget that."

When his copy came to the editor's desk, however, Sir Robert Blank's name bore after it the astonishing letters, "R. A. T. S."



GEN. HORACE PORTER tells this story:

"In the mountains of New Hampshire I encountered an old negro who loved to talk about the deeds of the coloured troop of which he was a member during the Rebellion, and whose present occupation is that of driver on an ancient and rickety stage-coach.

"'What is your name, Uncle?' I asked him.

"'George Washington, sah,' said he, with dignity.

"'That's a name familiar to everybody in this country,' I said.

"'I reckon, sah, it oughter be,' was the darky's pleased reply, ''cause I's been drivin' heah evah since de war.'"



STUYVESANT FISH, discussing business, told how: "There is a physician in Baltimore who is notorious for his parsimony. One afternoon he stepped into a hat store and after rummaging over the stock to his satisfaction, selected a cheap, ordinary hat.

" 'But that hat is not good enough for you to wear; here is what you want,' the hatter said, exhibiting one of his best derbys.

" 'That's the best I can afford, though.'

" 'Well, see here, doctor, I'll make you a present of this derby, if you'll wear it, and tell whose store it came from. It's a five-dollar hat.'

" 'And the price of this?' the doctor questioned, examining the cheaper hat.

" 'Three.'

" The doctor put on the three-dollar hat. 'This hat will answer for me just as well as the other.'

" 'But you'd better take the other, sir; it won't cost you any more.'

" 'But,' the doctor replied, hesitatingly, 'I didn't know but you'd let me take the cheap one — and perhaps you'd give me the difference in cash.' "



SENATOR ELKINS, deploring the dishonest methods of one type of business man, said, with a smile:

“It all brings back to me a dialogue I once heard in a Southern school.

“‘Children,’ said the teacher, ‘be diligent and steadfast, and you will succeed. Take the case of George Washington, whose birthday we are soon to celebrate. Do you remember my telling you of the great difficulty George Washington had to contend with?’

“‘Yes, ma’am,’ said a little boy. ‘He couldn’t tell a lie.’”



JUDGE RICHARD B. RUSSELL, of Georgia, is known in politics as “Plain Dick” Russell. On the recent election of Governor Hoke Smith to the United States Senate, Russell announced himself as a candidate for the soon-to-be-vacated executive office, for which he is now running with all his might—which is saying a great deal. Besides being a justice of the court of appeals, a well-known politician, and a prosperous farmer, Judge Russell is the proud father of fourteen children. Having twelve children already, and being superstitious by nature, he was unwilling to risk the unlucky thirteen, so his last two were twins.

On one occasion, Judge Russell took his fourteen children with him to a state fair, where, among other things, they were exhibiting a two-headed

calf as a side attraction. Judge Russell cautiously inquired the price of tickets.

"Ten cents for whole and five cents for half tickets," explained the showman.

Brightening perceptibly, "Plain Dick" handed out the money. "Give me one whole and fourteen halves," he said.

The showman eyed him curiously. "Have you fourteen children?" he asked.

"I have that," replied the judge.

"Got 'em all wid yer?"

"Plain Dick" pointed proudly to the long row of human steps rising back of him. "There they are," he said; "count for yourself."

Lifting his finger, the showman counted one by one.

"Mister," he said, "keep yer money. Suppose you sell me a ticket, and I'll bring the calf out to see you."



GEORGE EASTMAN, the inventor of the kodak, is responsible for this story:

"I was sitting in a drug store waiting to get a prescription filled, when a young Irishman entered. He pointed to a stack of green castile soap, and said,

" 'Oi want a loomp o' thot.'

" 'Very well, sir,' said the clerk, 'will you have it scented or unscented?'

" 'Oi'll take ut with me,' said the Irishman."

"THERE was never a ship yet," says George Gould, "that did not have one person aboard who boasted eternally of the number of times he had crossed the Atlantic. Now it is thirty-nine times, now it is ninety-six times. Every ship carries this one passenger who seems to have devoted his whole life to making a record for Atlantic crossings.

"I once heard a Detroit girl poke a little fun at a passenger of this type. He said to her,

" 'Do you know, this is my fifty-seventh crossing!'

" 'Is it!' she said indifferently. 'It's my ninety-eighth.'

" 'Really?' the man exclaimed.

" 'Oh, yes, indeed,' she answered, yawning. 'It's an old story with me, crossing the Atlantic now. Why, actually, I always recognise more than half the waves we meet.' "



WILLIAM McADOO, former police commissioner of New York, and once assistant secretary of the navy, tells a good story of an experience he had while stopping in a small town in Nova Scotia.

"You from New York?" asked the owner of the hotel.

"I am," said McAdoo.

"Know anybody down there who kin run a hotel?"

"Several people."

"Well, I wish you would tell me the name of a

good man I can get to come up here and run this hotel for me. I ain't got time to attend to it, and I want an honest, sober, respectable man to take hold of it for me."

"How much will you pay?" asked McAdoo.

"Twenty-five dollars a month, or, if he's especially good, I might go to thirty."

McAdoo promised to think it over, and that night he told the owner a good man to write to. A few days later Mr. George C. Boldt, proprietor of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York and the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia, was highly astonished to receive an offer of twenty-five dollars a month and board to go up to Nova Scotia to run a hotel, with the promise of a raise to thirty, but no more, if he made good.



THOMAS A. EDISON, who, as every one knows, was once a telegrapher, has this one in his repertory of small stories:

Some linemen were very busy putting up telephone poles through a farmer's fields. The farmer presently appeared and vociferously ordered them off his land, whereupon they showed him a paper giving them the right to plant poles wherever they pleased. The granger did not seem over much impressed, but strode away. In a little while a big and vicious bull charged the linemen, while the old farmer sat on the fence, and yelled, "Show him yer papers, darn ye, show him yer papers!"

SENATOR GORE, of Oklahoma, while addressing a convention in Oklahoma City recently, told this story, illustrating a point he made:

"A Northern gentleman was being entertained by a Southern colonel on a fishing-trip. It was his first visit to the South, and the mosquitoes were so bothersome that he was unable to sleep, while at the same time he could hear his friend snoring audibly.

"The next morning he approached the old darkey who was doing the cooking.

" 'Jim,' he said, 'how is it the Colonel is able to sleep so soundly with so many mosquitoes around?'

" 'I'll tell you, boss,' the darkey replied, 'de fust part of de night de kernel is too full to pay any 'tenshun to de skeeters, and de last part of the night de skeeters is too full to pay any 'tenshun to de kernel.' "



THOMAS A. EDISON, remarking on a new style aeroplane, said its make-up was, to say the least, novel. "It is, in fact, a striking idea. I have seen nothing to beat it since last month. Then a young man from Orange showed me an engagement ring that he was going to patent.

" 'But,' said I, examining the very ordinary-looking circlet, 'what is there patentable about this?'

" 'It is adjustable, sir,' answered the young man proudly."

THE following story is told at his expense by Ex-governor Hadley of Missouri:

"I was returning from a tour through the southeastern part of my State and stopped at one of the towns along my route to make a speech. During my talk I made the remark that I was the first Republican governor the State had had in forty years, then I paused to let the fact soak in, when some one in the rear of the hall blurted out, 'Well, that's often enough.'"



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EVERETT J. LAKE, ex-Lieutenant-governor of Connecticut, tells a story on himself, as follows:

"As you know, I am a member of that gorgeous organisation, the Governor's Foot Guards. At the inauguration of the late Governor Lilley, the Foot Guards, of course, were in the big parade, which in its route had to pass my home. As we approached the house, I noticed my wife and son on the porch, with eyes wide open for papa. To impress the boy with his father's importance, my chest went out a few inches more than usual, so that he might have a good view of the numerous medals

and decorations resting on my massive front. I certainly thought I was the real thing in that parade until I heard my boy say to his mother: 'Oh, Ma! Look how they all are, but everybody's out of step but father.' "



WILTON LACKAYE, the actor-editor, has a friend named Brady, a press-agent, who in summer precedes a circus and in winter goes ahead of an opera company. He works mostly in the West.

"Recently," said Mr. Lackaye, "Brady was enabled to visit his beloved New York, the place of his birth. Shortly after his arrival I ran across him on Broadway. 'Well, old man,' I said to him, 'I suppose you're glad to be back in New York again?'

" 'Wilton,' he answered earnestly, 'it's like a glimpse into another world. But I've been away so long that I have to rehearse to cross Broadway.' "



GENERAL MILES tells how he once put a question or two to a veteran negro soldier who was an inmate of a soldier's home. The old fellow was sunning himself on the grass, when the general engaged him in conversation touching his campaigns and the officers he had fought under. "Did you ever see Grant?" asked the visitor.

"Did I ever see Grant?" repeated the old fel-



low, with a superior smile. "Why, I was a-layin' on de ground after one battle, when I heahs de sound of hosses' hoofs, and den a voice calls out, 'Is dat you, Morgan?'

"I knowed in a second dat it was Gin'ral Grant. 'Yassah,' I says, very respectful.

"'Come heah,' says Gin'ral Grant.

"I gits up, reluctant-like. I was kinder tired out.

"'I wants yo' to git back home,' says Gin'ral Grant.

"'Why?' says I, still respectful.

"'Cause you're killin' too many men,' says Gin'ral Grant."



"SPEAKING of smuggling as a somewhat questionable art," said Sir Purdon Clarke, formerly director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, "once in travelling through Italy I was stopped on the outskirts of Florence by two customs officers. They proceeded solemnly to search my luggage, but found nothing dutiable until they came upon a small bottle of Chianti that I had purchased in Switzerland. It was half full.

"'You will have to pay duty on this wine,' they declared pompously.

"I got out of the vehicle, sat down by the roadside, drank what wine was left in the bottle and threw the bottle away; whereupon they were forced to permit me to carry the wine, minus duty, into Florence."

SENATOR HALE, of Maine, met Senator Spooner one day when there was to be a night session of the Senate. "Spooner," said Hale, "I suppose you will be at the night session?"

"I don't see how I can," Spooner replied. "I have a dinner engagement that prevents."

"Spooner," remonstrated Senator Hale, "that isn't the right spirit. We have an enormous quantity of work to do, and we must give up our pleasures for the duties our constituents have entrusted us to perform. We are needed at our desks."

Senator Spooner thought it over and telephoned to his wife that he could not get to the dinner because of the night session. He told her to go and have a good time, and he remained at his desk until the Senate adjourned. When he reached home he asked Mrs. Spooner if she had a good time.

"Delightful," said she.

"Who took you in to dinner?" asked Spooner.

"Senator Hale," Mrs. Spooner replied.



SENATOR CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW was the star speaker at a dinner given to a crowd of railroad men. In the course of his remarks he told a story wherein a certain manufacturer, left practically alone in his factory through a lockout, was represented as pointing to the office-clock over his desk and saying,

"There are two hands in my office that never strike."

"Whereupon," said the senator, "the clock struck two. After the dinner one of my friends came up and congratulated me.

" 'Your speech was great,' he said. 'That story about the clock is a daisy.'

" 'I think it is pretty good,' I said modestly.

"About fifteen minutes later another friend came up who was not so eulogistic. 'Chauncey,' he said, 'I think that story about the clock better every time I hear it. I think to-night was the fiftieth time.'

" 'Why, President Newell says that story is a daisy,' I expostulated.

"He laughed. 'You ought to study botany, Chauncey, and you would learn that a daisy is a hardy annual.' "



E. C. BENEDICT, the yachtsman, was sympathising with the owner of a motor-boat who had lost a race through some sort of sharp practice. To show his friend that others had suffered misfortune, he told the following story of an old darky of his acquaintance who once lay seriously ill of fever:

This coloured man was treated for a long time by one doctor, and then another doctor, for some reason, came and took the first one's place. The second physician made a thorough examination of the patient. At the end he said, "Did the other doctor take your temperature?"

"Ah dunno, sah," the patient answered. "Ah hain't missed nuthin' so fur but mah watch."

GOVERNOR HIRAM W. JOHNSON, of California, always has an amusing anecdote to relate. One of his newest ones is as follows:

"An Episcopal minister, who was the rector of a very fashionable church in a suburb, decided he could not be bothered with the innumerable telephone calls that fall to one of his profession. So he had his name left out of the telephone directory.

"A prominent merchant having the same name and living in the same suburb, was continually annoyed by requests to officiate at funerals and baptisms. He finally asked the rector to put his name back. But he was not successful.

"Since the rector wouldn't, the merchant decided to complain to the telephone company. As he was writing a letter, one evening, the telephone rang twice, both times asking for the minister. His patience was about exhausted and just as he had settled himself, the bell rang again. This time it was a timid voice of a young man asking if the Rev. Mr. Blank would marry him at once.

"After a moment's hesitation, a happy thought came to him. 'No,' he said, 'I can't marry you to-night. I'm too damn busy writing my sermons.'"



FRANK H. HITCHCOCK, the postmaster-general, tells this story concerning one of the rural cogs in the post-office machine.

"That the rural post-office is still the bureau

of general information, in the South, no less than in the North and the Middle West, was recently evidenced by a conversation precipitated by an old darky, who approached the postmaster of an Alabama village and said:

“ ‘Any letter fo’ me?’ ‘No.’

“ ‘Any postal cards?’ ‘No.’

“ ‘Is my paper come?’ ‘No.’

“ ‘Got any almanacs?’ ‘No.’

“ ‘Say, does you know anybody that wants to buy a live alligator?’ ”



REPRESENTATIVE HENRY, of Texas, in an eloquent and caustic speech in the House last session, condemned the American heiress, who marries, for the sake of his title, the nobleman ruined in health and prospects by dissipation.

Discussing this speech with a reporter, Mr. Henry said:

“ ‘I want to see our hale young girls marry hale young men. I want to see them all showing the spirit of a girl I know in Waco. She was proposed to by a rich bachelor of fifty. And she refused him.

“ ‘Yes, I refused him. He has, you know, a past. He has a dreadful past.’

“ ‘Oh, but,’ said the mutual friend, ‘a man can always blot out his past.’

“ ‘Yes, that may be,’ replied this splendid Waco girl, ‘but he shan’t use me for a blotter.’ ”

UPTON SINCLAIR, the well-known writer, told the other day about a school address that he once made.

"It was a school of little boys," said Mr. Sinclair. "'The Jungle' was selling at the rate of ten thousand copies a day at the time, and, feeling flush, I opened my address by laying a five-dollar bill on the table before me.

"'I am going to talk to you boys about Socialism,' I said. 'I hope to convert you all to Socialism. When I finish my remarks the boy who gives me the best reason for turning Socialist will get this five-dollar bill.'

"Then I spoke for some twenty minutes. The boys were all converted at the end. I began to question them.

"'You are a Socialist, are you?' I said to the boy nearest me.

"'Yes, sir,' he replied.

"'And why are you a Socialist?' I asked.

"He pointed to the crisp five-dollar bill. 'Because I need the money,' he said."



CURTIS GUILD, former governor of Massachusetts, was once asked for the funniest story he ever heard. This is the story he told:

"An Irishman and a Jew were discussing the great men who had belonged to each race and, as may be expected got into a heated argument. Finally the Irishman said:

“ ‘Ikey, listen. For ivery great Jew ye can name ye may pull out one of me whiskers, an’ for ivery great Irishman I can name I’ll pull out one of yours. Is it a go?’ ”

“ They consented, and Pat reached over, got hold of a whisker, said, ‘Robert Emmet,’ and pulled.

“ ‘Moses!’ said the Jew, and pulled one of Pat’s tenderest.

“ ‘Dan O’Connell,’ said Pat, and took another.

“ ‘Abraham,’ said Ikey, helping himself again.

“ ‘Patrick Henry,’ returned Pat with a vicious yank.

“ ‘The Twelve Apostles,’ said the Jew, taking a handful of whiskers.

“ Pat emitted a roar of pain, grasped the Jew’s beard with both hands, and yelled, ‘The Ancient Order of Hibernians!’ ”



O. HENRY always retained the whimsical sense of humour which made him quickly famous. Not long ago he called on the cashier of a New York publishing house, after vainly writing several times for a check which had been promised as an advance on his royalties.

“I’m sorry,” explained the cashier, “but Mr. Blank, who signs the checks, is laid up with a sprained ankle.”

“But, my dear sir,” expostulated the author, “does he sign them with his feet?”



MAJOR GENERAL JESSE M. LEE tells this story of the little boy who went to church with his father — also with a quarter and a penny.

“ ‘Did you contribute to the collection plate, Frederick?’ the father asked after the service.

“ ‘Yes, Papa.’

“ ‘And you put the quarter, not the penny in the collection plate, of course?’

“ Frederick hesitated.

‘Daddy,’ he said at last, ‘the minister said the Lord loves a cheerful giver?’

“ ‘That’s right,’ agreed the father encouragingly.

“ ‘Well, I wanted the Lord to love me, and the penny was all I could give and be cheerful about it.’ ”



GEORGE A. HILL, of the United States Naval Observatory, before leaving on a trip for the purpose of studying a solar eclipse, remarked with a sigh: “I have high hopes for the success of this expedition, but think how often the highest hopes are blasted! Think how many boys begin their



careers with full confidence of becoming presidents, governors, or senators at the very least, and look what happens to them.

"A boy, and he was a bright boy, too, left his father's farm, near my native town of Elizabeth, New Jersey, and went to New York to seek his fortune. None of his family seemed to doubt in the least that his fortune would meet him at the ferry with a brass band. But six months passed without a word from the adventurous youth. At last, one cold winter afternoon; his father received this note scribbled in pencil on an old scrap of wrapping-paper:

"'Dear Pa, meet me under the old bridge tomorrow night after dark. Bring with you a blanket or a suit of clothes. I have a hat.'"



"THAT view is rather unscientific," said Dr. Simon Flexner, the head of the Rockefeller Institute, at a dinner-party in New York. "It reminds me of Hopkinson, who was wont to observe Lent very vigorously. But on a certain fast day, after three hours of golf, Hopkinson couldn't resist a luncheon of chops. And as he munched his chops, a violent storm came up suddenly; a blue light filled the room, and then a terrific clap of thunder shook the building.

"Hopkinson, pale and shaky, laid down his knife and fork. 'What a fuss,' he muttered, 'over a mutton-chop!'"

JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES told a story the other day of an Indiana justice of the peace who owned a farm. One of his fences ran along the boundary line of the States of Indiana and Ohio. Like others in rural districts who hold that office, he had an abnormal appreciation of its responsibility, and never lost an opportunity to exercise his prerogative of demanding that the peace be preserved.

One day his son and his hired man got to fighting on a stretch of the farm near the boundary fence, and the justice of the peace rushed out and mounted the fence. Then, with head cocked high, and the air of one who has but to command, he shouted, "In the name of the State of Indiana I demand the preservation of the peace!" Just then the fence gave way under his weight, and as he went down with the fence toppling over to the Ohio side, he shouted to his son, "Give him the devil, Jim; I've lost my jurisdiction!"



JUDGE LINDSEY, of the famous Denver juvenile court, said in the course of a recent address on charity:

"Too many of us are inclined to think that, one misstep made, the boy is gone for good. Too many of us are like the cowboy. An itinerant preacher talked to a cowboy audience on the prodigal son. He described the foolish prodigal's extravagance and dissipation; he described his penury and his

husk-eating with the swine in the sty; he described his return, his father's loving welcome, the rejoicing and the preparation of the fatted calf.

"The preacher in his discourse noticed a cowboy staring at him very hard. He thought he had made a convert, and addressing the cowboy personally he said from the pulpit:

" 'My dear friend, what would you have done if you had had a prodigal son returning home like that? ' "

" 'Me? ' said the cowboy, promptly and fiercely, 'I'd have shot the boy and raised the calf.' "



EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT says the incident that amused him most since his return to America occurred in his summer home at Oyster Bay on the day of his arrival there. Responding to the clamour of his townsfolk for an informal speech, Mr. Roosevelt reverted for a moment to his pet subject — race suicide. In the crowd was a man with three small children propped up on his shoulders and a woman close beside him carrying two babies.

"The speech was going along smoothly," narrates the former President, "when the man with the three children broke in with a voice that could have been heard a quarter of a mile.

" 'Hey, Teddy! ' he shouted, 'can you beat this? It's a full house, Teddy. Triplets and twins: three of a kind and a pair! ' "

DR. HARVEY W. WILEY, former chief of the bureau of chemistry in the Department of Agriculture, and author of "1001 Tests — of Foods, Beverages and Toilet Accessories," has interpreted many laws affecting pure food and drugs, and has had some of his opinions reversed by the Department of Justice and the President.

He was discussing this one day when he said:

"The matter of interpreting laws is much like the story of the little boy who was told by his teacher to read something from a primer. The boy read as follows:

" 'This is a warm doughnut. Step on it.' "

" 'Why, Johnny,' said the teacher, 'that can't be right. Let me see your book.' "

" 'This is what she found:

" 'This is a worm. Do not step on it.' "



GOVERNOR FOSS, of Massachusetts, tells of a well-known divine who was visiting a State prison, when he came across a prisoner whose features were familiar to him. "What brought you here, my poor fellow?" he asked.

"You married me to a new woman a little while ago, sir," the prisoner replied, with a sigh.

"Ah, I see," said the parson; "and she was domineering and extravagant, and she drove you to desperate courses, eh?"

"No," said the prisoner, "my old woman turned up."

JOHN MASON, the capable actor of strong, quiet rôles, relates that some time ago while staying in a southern town he visited the court one morning where the newly-made judge, a friend of his, was presiding.



“There was much disorder because of an unusually large attendance. In the confusion, the judge, being new to the position, lost his temper.

“‘You, there!’ he cried, pointing his finger at an old negro who was standing in front of him. ‘are you the defendant?’

“‘No, suh, I ain’t, suh,’ the darkey emphatically replied. ‘I’se got a lawyer man to do th’ defending.’

“‘Then who are you?’ his honour demanded.

“‘I’se de gen’lemin dat stole de chiekens,’ came the calm rejoinder.”



DAVID R. FRANCIS, while governor of Missouri, was once down in the timber lands of southern Mississippi with a few friends on a hunting

trip. The party found more mosquitoes than anything else, and finally, stung to desperation and exasperated by the guide's indifference to the pest, the governor turned to him with a not very polite query as to how he stood "these infernal mosquitoes."

"Mosquitoes?" said the guide. "Why, Governor, there ain't a mosquito among 'em. Them's gnats."

"I'll give you ten dollars if you will lie down on that log with your back bared and stay there for ten minutes," said Mr. Francis.

Soon seeing that the man would win the ten, the governor winked at one of his friends, and produced a small sun-glass, which he focused on a spot between the shoulders of the prostrate man.

A few moments later the muscles on the guide's back began to twitch just a little, then he began to squirm a trifle. Finally he raised his head from his arms and said, sort of wistfully,

"Say, Governor, does wassups count?"



HENRY GEORGE is credited with an amusing anecdote concerning the recent State election in New York.

On his way to vote John A. Dix was introduced to a son of an old friend.

"I am glad to meet you, sir," said the man who that day was to be elected to the highest office in the Empire State.

"I have known your father for a good many

years, but this is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing you. I notice, however, that the son is a better-looking man than his father."

"Oh, come, Mr. Dix," replied the young man, "you needn't try to jolly me that way. I don't care how the old man votes; I'm for Stimson and the Rooseveltism."

"I said," replied Mr. Dix pleasantly, "that the son is a better-looking man than his father, but I didn't say he had as much sense."



JUDGE GEORGE F. LAWTON, of the Middlesex Probate Court of Massachusetts, told a story the other day about a friend of his, a minister, who was spending his sabbatical year travelling abroad. Arriving in London, he made every effort to get an intimate view of the two branches of Parliament in session. Of course no stranger is allowed on the floor of the House of Lords, but the minister, not knowing this, tried to make his way in. There is a rule, however, that servants of the various lords may be admitted to speak to their masters. Seeing the minister walking boldly in, the doorkeeper asked:

"What lord do you serve?"

"What lord?" repeated the astonished American. "The Lord Jehovah!"

For a moment the doorkeeper hesitated and then admitted him. Turning to an assistant standing near, he said, "He must mean one of those poor Scotch lairds."

ELBERT HUBBARD, who never loses a chance to "put one over" on the doctors, tells the following story:

"A man by the name of Evans died, and went to heaven. When he arrived at the pearly gates he said to St. Peter,

" 'Well, I'm here.'

"St. Peter asked his name.

" 'John Evans,' was the reply.

"St. Peter looked through the book and shook his head. 'You don't belong here,' he said.

" 'But I'm sure I belong here,' said the man.

" 'Wait a minute,' said St. Peter. He looked again, and in the back part of the book found the name.

" 'Sure,' said the guardian of the gate, 'you belong here, but you weren't expected for twenty years. Who's your doctor?'"



REVEREND LYMAN POWELL, of Northampton, has a bright little son who is very much frightened in thunder-storms. One day a heavy shower came up when the little fellow had wandered away from the house. His father, who was watching for him, saw him come running toward home as the first drops fell.

He looked terrified, and his lips were moving.

"What were you saying?" asked the father.

"I was reminding God that I am a minister's son!" the boy replied.



WILLIAM F. McCOMBS says: "Several philanthropic personages were assembled at a club one evening, and conversation had gone to some length when a man who was sitting quietly in a corner arose, and broke into the fest.

" 'Your philanthropists are all right,' he remarked, 'but I think it is only just that my next-door neighbour, Fred Watkins, should be included in the kindly disposed bunch.'

" 'We are willing to add him to the list,' responded one of the group, 'but is he really so generous?'

" 'Well, I should say he is,' was the emphatic and immediate declaration. 'Dozens of tramps hammer at his back door, and I have never known him to turn one down — that is completely.'

" 'You don't mean it?' was the astonished reply.

" 'That's a fact,' rejoined the first. 'He always gives them a letter of introduction to me.'"



SENATOR TILLMAN piloted a constituent around the Capitol Building for a while during



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the last session, and then, having work to do on the floor, conducted him to the Senate gallery.

"After an hour or so," said Mr. Tillman, "my visitor approached a gallery doorkeeper.

" 'My name is Swate,' he told the fellow, 'and I'm going out to get a drink. I thought I'd better tell you so I can git back. I'm a friend of Tillman's.'

"The doorkeeper said that was all right, but in case he was not there, and in order to prevent any mistake, he would give him the Senate password.

"Swate's eyes rather popped out at this. 'What's the word?' he asked.

" 'Idiosyncrasy.'

" 'What?'

" 'Idiosyncrasy,' repeated the doorkeeper soberly.

" 'I guess I'll stay in,' said Swate, 'and wait for Tillman.' "



EX-PRESIDENT TAFT, while on one of his trips to the West, made a stop at a small town where he spoke a few minutes and received the usual bushel or two of flowers from the admiring young ladies. Just as the special was pulling out of the station a bare-foot boy, carrying a bouquet, came running and squirming through the crowd. Mr. Taft saw him.

"I can't run away from the little fellow like this," he said, pulling the bell-rope and bringing the train to a stop.

The youngster came up breathlessly and delivered the roses. The President smiled and handed him a dollar.

"Tom," said he to the porter, after the train had resumed its way, "it seems to me these flowers are rather wilted. The boy must have had a hard time getting through the crowd."

"They ought to be wilted," answered Tom, with a grin. "That there bouquet has been on this train for three days, and I just threw it out as we came into that town back there."



SENATOR KENYON, who was recently elected to the lamented Dolliver's place in the Senate, is credited with this story:

"Judging from the stuff printed in the newspapers, we are a pretty bad lot. Almost in the class a certain miss whom I know unconsciously puts us in. It was at a recent examination at her school that the question was put, 'Who makes the laws of our government?'

"'Congress,' was the united reply.

"'How is Congress divided?' was the next query.

"My young friend raised her hand.

"'Well,' said the teacher, 'what do you say the answer is?'

"Instantly, with an air of confidence as well as triumph, the miss replied, 'Civilised, half civilised, and savage.'"

A. P. GARDNER, Congressman from Massachusetts, tells of a little shooting party which was attended by some of the élite of that vicinity.

"More than one of the party," said Mr. Gardner, "felt a trifle nervous about a certain young Englishman, as he and his gun seemed strangers. Nothing occurred, however, until I felt something poking me in the side as we crept along. Turning quickly, I found the novice prodding me with the muzzle and fumbling with the hammers of his gun.

"‘Hi, Gus,’ he whispered, ‘before we get on to the birds you might just show me ’ow you let these ’ere triggers down!’"



SIR THOMAS LIPTON tells a good story about a Scotchman who went to a horse-race for the first time in his life. Says Sir Thomas: "This Scotchman was a feeble-minded old man, and his companions who took him to the race-meeting presently persuaded him to take a sixpence in the third race on a ten-to-one shot.

"By some amazing miracle this outsider won. When the bookmaker gave old Sandy a golden sovereign, and his sixpence, the winner could not believe his eyes.

"‘Do you mean to tell me,’ he said, ‘that I get all this for my saxpence?’

"‘You do,’ said the bookmaker.

"‘Ma conscience!’ muttered Sandy. ‘Tell me, mon, hoo long has this thing been going on?’"

BRUCE McRAE, who is just now leading the comedy "Nearly Married" to its joyous conquests of audiences, likes telling about two old hide-bound Aberdeen University professors:

"There was a certain Professor Maedonald who cherished a fondness for the refinements and minor graces of life. It was just after 'at home' cards became fashionable that he sent one of the hardest-shelled of the old professional régime this note:

" 'Professor and Mrs. Maedonald present their compliments to Professor Scott, and hope that he is well. Professor and Mrs. Maedonald will be home on Wednesday evening, the sixth inst. at eight o'clock. Professor Scott will also be home.' "



KING GEORGE THE FIFTH of England was telling a group of friends of some of his experiences since the British crown and sceptre came into his keeping.

"I was at an informal tea the other afternoon,"

said the king, "and was bidding my distinguished hostess good-bye when her little daughter, a child of seven or eight years, came forward timidly, looking as if she had something to say. She was a beautiful child, and when her mother formally presented her she courtesied prettily and said in a loud, clear voice,

" 'I think your Majesty is a very wonderful man.'

" 'Why do you say that, my dear?' I asked.

" 'Because,' said the little girl, 'mamma told me to.' "



THOMAS NELSON PAGE, U. S. Ambassador to Italy, tells of an office-boy named Eugene, and coloured, whom he had when he practised law in Richmond. The boy wasn't much of a help about the office, but, with proper persuasion, he could be induced to sweep out every morning. One day, however, he did not appear. Page went to the office, saw it was not swept, and went out and walked around for an hour. But no boy had been there. He waited another hour, and still no boy. He waited until three o'clock in the afternoon, and no boy; so, very angry, he decided to go out and interview the boy's father about it.

"That rascally boy of yours hasn't been at my office at all to-day," exploded Page.

"Sho'ly, Massa Tom," replied the father, "you-

all ain' tellin' me dat boy Eugene hain't done bin dar yet? "

"I am telling you. He hasn't been there all day."

"That's ver' strange," commented the father; "but I reckon you-all hafter 'seuse him dis mawnin'."

"Excuse him! Why?" roared Page.

"Well, Massa Tom, he's daid."



MAYOR MARSHALL, of Columbus, Ohio, tells the following story:

"A teacher said to her class,

" 'Who was the first man? ' "

" 'George Washington,' a little boy shouted promptly.

" 'How do you make out that George Washington was the first man?' asked the teacher, smiling indulgently.

" 'Because,' said the little boy, 'he was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.' "

"But at this point a larger boy held up his hand.

" 'Well,' said the teacher to him, 'who do you think was the first man? ' "

" 'I don't know what his name was,' said the larger boy, 'but I know it wasn't George Washington, ma'am, because the history book says George Washington married a widow, so, of course, there must have been a man ahead of him.' "



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SENATOR NEWLANDS relates what happened when the old watchmaker of a town in Nevada recently retired.

"The contract for maintaining the church and town hall clocks in order was given to his successor. The new man, unfortunately, from the beginning, experienced a difficulty in getting the clocks to strike at the same time. Finally, the town council remonstrated with the watchmaker.

" 'You must remember that every watchmaker has his own methods, gentlemen,' replied the man. 'Mine are not the same as Cartledges'."

" 'Well,' stiffly replied one of the councillors, 'it would be better if they were.'

" 'I wrote to Mr. Cartledge a few days ago about the trouble I was having,' said the young man. 'Perhaps you'd be good enough to read his reply.'

"He produced the letter and handed it to the council. It read: 'Dear Sir:—About them clocks: When you get to know what a cranky bunch that old council are, you'll do the same as I did for twenty years. I'd just forget to wind up



the striker of the townhall clock. Then the old Rubes won't be able to tell both clocks ain't striking together.' ”



JUDSON HARMON, formerly governor of Ohio, remarked while condemning in his good-natured way an opponent's argument, that its logic reminded him of that of a young woman of his acquaintance at Dayton.

“This young lady sat one afternoon on the piazza of her pretty little home, busily employed in plying the needle. A coat of her husband's was in her lap. The husband himself presently appeared. Looking up, she said to him fretfully: ‘It's too bad, Robert, the careless way your tailor put this button on. This is the fifth time I've had to sew it on for you.’ ”



LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS, president of the National W. C. T. U., relates an anecdote about a reception gotten up for her by an Alabama Sunday-school.

“One little piccaninny had been taught to recite the line from the Master: ‘It is I. Be not afraid.’

“When the little fellow came upon the platform, where he was to do his part, he was ashy with stage fright, but with his small voice trembling and full of tears, he managed to say:

“‘ ’Tain't nobody but me. Doan' git skeered.’ ”

ROBERT MACON, congressman from Arkansas, vouches for the following story:

The owner of a pretentious town dwelling was reading in the smoking-room of his home when he looked up from his paper and saw a seedy-looking individual standing down on the carriage-way, eyes dilated and mouth wide open, seemingly amazed at the imposing sight before him.

After watching him some time the owner became annoyed, and leaning out the window, said:

"My man, don't you know this is private property? Why do you stand there staring at my house? Do you take it for a church?"

His unwelcome visitor, after looking him over as carefully as he could at the distance, replied,

"Wall, I thought as how it might be a church till I saw the devil poke his head out'n the window."



KAISER WILLIAM of Germany tells with much gusto and amusement the following story, in which he himself figures as anything but the hero:

"I was discussing the theory and practice of medicine with good doctor von ——" says the Emperor, mentioning the name of one of Germany's most celebrated physicians. "We finally fell into animated conversation as to the workings of the human brain, its marvellous mechanism, its extreme delicacy, and the ease with which it can be thrown out of order."

“ ‘If you were familiar, your Majesty, with the symptoms of concussion of the brain —’ began the doctor.

“ ‘But I am perfectly familiar with the symptoms of concussion,’ I interrupted.

“ ‘I am astonished,’ replied the good doctor.

“ ‘Let me prove my knowledge,’ I said. ‘If, for example, I banged my head terrifically against yours, would we not both suffer concussion of the brain?’

“ ‘Pardon me, sire,’ he replied, ‘I think that I might.’

“I did not punish him for lese-majesty,” laughingly concludes the Emperor, “richly as he deserved it.”



SENATOR LA FOLLETTE, criticising a trust, said:

“Its dignity under abuse and attack is, somehow, funny. It reminds me of a little Sioux City girl.

“One morning she hung about the kitchen continually bothering the busy cook to death. The cook lost patience finally. ‘Clear out o’ here, ye sassy little brat!’ she shouted, thumping the table with a rolling-pin.

“The little girl gave the cook a haughty look. ‘I never allow any one but my mother to speak to me like that,’ she said.”



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SENATOR MILES POINDEXTER, from out Spokane way, Washington, while attending a banquet given by the business men's association of his city not long ago, delivered a brief address on timely topics, and he concluded it with this story which, judging from the way it was received, struck a sympathetic chord among a number of those present.

"A man of threescore and ten, who had prospered in business for many years, decided to take his son in partnership with him. The young man fully appreciated the move, but in his newly added dignity, as time advanced, he became inclined to disregard some of the old gentleman's ideas as foggy, and to take things into his own hands. His

father, however, remonstrated: 'Look here, Andrew,' said he one morning, 'let's have a little less "I" and a little more "We" in this business hereafter. You want to remember that you are the junior partner.'

"A few days later the young man appeared at his father's office, with a look of anxious concern. 'I say, dad,' he ventured, as the old fellow glanced up from his desk, 'we've been and done it now.'

"'Done what?' the stern parent queried gruffly.

"'Well — er — er we've been and married the typewriter.'"



MISS JANE ADDAMS, the brilliant head of Hull House, said at a luncheon the other day:

"We women have still much to fight for. Our battle will be long and difficult. Well, let us frankly admit it. There is nothing to be gained by such rose-coloured phrases as William White employed.

"William White's brother had killed a man in cold blood.

"'Well, William, how about your brother?' a visitor to the town asked him one day after the trial.

"'Well,' said William, 'they've put him in jail for a month.'

"'That's rather a light sentence for a cold-blooded murder,' said the gentleman.

"'Yes, sir,' William admitted, 'but at the month's end they're going to hang him.'"

SIR GILBERT PARKER, the noted author, does not agree with Colonel Roosevelt on the question of large families. Small families such as prevail in France indicate, to Sir Gilbert's mind, intelligence and progress, while large families indicate the reverse.

"Large families are so embarrassing, too," says Sir Gilbert. "I once knew a man named Thompson who had fourteen children. Thompson agreed one spring holiday to take the children to the seashore for the week-end. They set off, reached the station, got their tickets, and were about to board the train when Thompson was roughly collared by a policeman.

"'Here, wot 'a' ye bin a-doin' of?' the policeman growled fiercely.

"'Me? Why? Nothing,' stammered poor Thompson.

"The policeman waved his stick toward the Thompson family. 'Then wot the bloomin' blazes,' he hissed, 'is this 'ere crowd a-follern' of ye fur?'"



BOOTH TARKINGTON is known as a teller of jokes as well as a writer of delightful novels and plays. The humour in the following situation appealed to him, and he tells the story with a laugh:

While in a small town in Indiana he had the misfortune to lose two valuable bird-dogs. Thinking to expedite their return, he went at once to the office of the one newspaper in the town, where upon

his inquiring for the editor he was informed by the sleepy, tousle-headed office-boy that the editor was out. He then left with the boy a description of his pets with an alluring offer of fifty dollars for their return, and after giving explicit instructions as to the position he wished the "ad" to occupy, he departed.

Anxious to know whether the office-boy had impressed the editor with the seriousness of the matter, he returned to the office a few hours later and was again greeted by the boy, who, the only occupant of the room, was perched on a stove dreamily gazing out the window.

"Where's the editor?" asked Tarkington.

The boy leaned over and spat out the window, then slowly turned to the author.

"He's gone out tuh hunt de dogs," he said.



PRESIDENT HADLEY recalls that the day when he succeeded the learned and witty Timothy Dwight as president of Yale University the exercises attendant upon the transfer of authority were marred by a heavy fall of rain.

"It came down suddenly," said Dr. Hadley, "just as a column of people which President Dwight and I headed were crossing the campus. Some one handed us an umbrella which I was about to open when my companion took it from me.

"'Let me carry it, Professor,' he whispered. 'Your reign will begin to-morrow.'"

WHITELAW REED told an interesting story about two friends of his who removed from New York and purchased a home in a Massachusetts village:

“One of their first visits was to the cemetery.

“‘We must select a burial lot,’ the husband remarked. ‘Life is uncertain, and we had better attend to it at once.’

“The wife agreed, and chose a site on a hill overlooking a beautiful lake. But the husband objected.

“‘No, Ann; it’s too much of a hill to climb. Let’s look down toward the lake.’

“These lots pleased Ann even better than those more elevated. ‘Here, Frederick,’ she said, ‘let’s decide upon one of these.’

“Frederick looked at her in some surprise.

“‘Why, Ann,’ he replied, ‘I did think you had better judgment. I shouldn’t think of being buried in this low, marshy place. It’s the unhealthiest spot in the whole cemetery.’”



F. W. LEHMANN, of St. Louis, the new Solicitor-General, believes that women who practise the law often find their competitors of the opposite sex not over-anxious for business relations.

“Not long ago,” said Mr. Lehmann, “one of our young, rising, female lawyers received this letter from a well-known attorney:

“‘Madam: We agree to the compromise as



proposed in your favour of this date, not because your client has a just right to such settlement, but from the fact that we do not care to open a contest with a woman lawyer.'

"Our young lady of the law immediately despatched this reply:

" 'Sir: I note yours agreeing to a settlement, although I cannot congratulate you on your gallantry in begging the question. Like the original Adam, you seem inclined to hide behind a woman's petticoat.'

"The following, however, closed the correspondence:

" 'Madam: If you will turn to the early pages of Genesis you will discover that Eve did not wear a petticoat.' "



OPIE READ, the big, genial novelist, story-teller, and ever-popular entertainer, was at a Chautauqua out West last summer, where, after his lecture, he met a fellow platformist and invited him to have a smoke.

"Come, H ——," said Read, "get your pipe and let's get comfortable."

"No, thank you, Mr. Read, I don't smoke."

"What! don't smoke!" exclaimed Opie.

"No," declared the other, "I never smoke, chew, drink, nor swear."

"Great Cæsar, man," cried Read, "I'm doing one of those things all the time!"



GUY BATES POST, who has created the title rôle in the successful production of "Omar, the Tent-maker," tells of a friend of his, a very steady and serious country gentleman who joined a metropolitan club which offered the unusual advantage of bedrooms for suburban members during their visits to the city.

"When next he came to town he repaired to the club and put up for the night. Now, as a matter of fact, some time had elapsed since he had become a member, and in the meantime the club had become very fashionable, and its hours correspondingly irregular. As was his custom my friend went to bed at an early hour when all was orderly and the other members decorous and quiet.

"The following morning he appeared in the dining-room at his accustomed hour — eight o'clock — but to his astonishment found all the tables devoid of coverings and the room empty, except for one uniformed attendant who was in the middle of the dusting process. While he was gazing around confusedly, a sleepy-eyed waiter approached him.

“ ‘ I beg pardon, sir,’ he said, apologetically, ‘ but no suppers can be served after seven-thirty.’ ”



PRESIDENT WILSON, when Governor of New Jersey, was speaking at a dinner in Trenton. “ A statesman,” said he, “ according to the old-fashioned creed, must never change his mind. A changed mind may indicate a splendid mental development, but the old-fashioned are sure to call it inconsistency, and they are sure to come back at the inconsistent statesman as tellingly as the old parishioner came back at his pastor.

“ A certain young pastor announced nervously one morning, ‘ I will take for my text the words, “ And they fed five people with five thousand loaves of bread and two thousand fishes.” ’

“ At this misquotation the old parishioner, from his seat in the amen corner, said audibly, ‘ That’s no miracle — I could do it myself.’

“ The young preacher said nothing at the time, but the next Sunday he announced the same text. This time he got it right, ‘ And they fed five thousand people on five loaves of bread and two fishes.’

“ He waited a moment, and then, leaning over the pulpit and looking at the amen corner, he said, ‘ And could you do that, too, Mr. Smith?’

“ ‘ Of course, I could,’ Mr. Smith replied.

“ ‘ And how would you do it?’ said the preacher.

“ ‘ Why, with what was left over from last Sunday, of course,’ said Mr. Smith.”

VICE-PRESIDENT SHERMAN had a string of stories that can't be beaten. Up around his room at the Senate chamber every now and then the usual solemn stillness was broken, and loud laughter issued from the dignified precincts. It is probably "Sunny Jim" getting off a "good one."

One of his stories has to do with a sawmill engineer who got a job running a locomotive. He was ordered, right off the reel, to take a big engine into the roundhouse. Reluctantly he climbed into the cab, and, without knowing just what the machinery in front of him meant, pulled out the throttle.

The engine leaped forward and dashed into the roundhouse. The sawmill captain reversed the lever just in time, and the engine reared up, and backed madly out. The engineer grabbed the throttle again, and the same experience followed. This performance continued until the yard-foreman, aghast, yelled out,

"Why don't you put her in the roundhouse?"

"Blame it," yelled back the sawmill engineer, "I've had her in three times! Why don't you shut the door?"



SENATOR CRANE was praising the art of compromise. "Compromise is a good thing," he said.

"Take the case of a young builder I knew. He got married about a year ago, and after his marriage he and his wife had an interminable dispute

as to whether they should buy two motor-eyes or a five-horse-power runabout suitable to their means. He said:

“ ‘My wife and I wrangled for months and months, but, thank goodness, we have compromised at last.’ ”

“ ‘What have you compromised on?’ I asked.

“ ‘A baby-carriage,’ he answered, with a wide, glad smile.”



BARNEY OLDFIELD, whose particular hobby is daring death in high-powered automobiles, accepted an open challenge by Jack Johnson, who thought he could drive as well as he can box. Oldfield, who has made a mile in a little over twenty-seven seconds, had an easy victory, and was in a story-telling mood at the dinner which celebrated the event. A taxicab chauffeur furnished the text for this anecdote:

“ Having run over and killed a number of people, and presented his company with a number of lawsuits, he was finally discharged for reckless driving. He then became a motorman on a trolley line, but did not take kindly to the new work. One day as he was grumbling over his fallen fortunes a friend said:

“ ‘Oh, what’s the matter with you? Can’t you run down just as many people as ever?’ ”

“ ‘Yes,’ said the ex-chauffeur, ‘I can, but formerly I could pick and choose.’ ”



FINLEY J. SHEPARD, who came into newspaper fame by his marriage to Helen Gould, is quite a man on his own account, with a goodly repertoire of stories.

"In the southern part of Arkansas," relates "Shep," "where the natives take life easy, a man and his wife were one day sitting on the porch when a funeral procession passed the house. The man was comfortably seated in a chair which was tilted back

on its hind legs against the side of the house, and was engaged in whittling on a piece of wood. As the procession proceeded he said, 'I reckon ol' man Williams has got about the biggest funeral that's ever been held around hyear, Caroline.'

"'A purty good-sized one, is it, Bud?' queried the wife, making no effort to move.

"'You betcher!' Bud answered.

"'I certainly would like to see it,' said the woman. 'What a pity I ain't facing that way!'"



NEHEMIAH DAY SPERRY, who is in Congress from Connecticut, in answer to some pointed questions regarding woman-suffrage, told this story:

“It was at a Washington dinner. The hostess, a pronounced believer that women should vote, smiled a smile of rare pleasure. She reflected complacently that she had captured a cabinet officer for the dinner. The conversation was bowling along smoothly, and she leaned forward to listen.

“‘With due regard to the fair sex,’ said the guest of honour, pleasantly, ‘still I must insist that no woman can devote all her time to the question of suffrage without neglecting her household and children.’

“‘Not at all,’ smiled the hostess. ‘I think I can persuade you to the contrary if you —’ She paused, observed that he was staring with wide-open eyes at the doorway. A tiny, nude figure stood there.

“‘Mamma,’ piped a shrill voice, ‘Mary’s in the kitchen, and I can’t find my nighty.’”



SENATOR REED SMOOT tells a story about a certain type of man which he calls the “other-people’s-business fellow.” One of the kind was trying to extract information from an elderly, prosperous-looking man who sat next the curious person in the smoking-car.

“How many people work in your office?” he asked.

“Oh,” responded the elderly one, getting up and throwing away his cigar, “I should say, at a rough guess, about two-thirds of them.”

IGNACE PADEREWSKI tells, at his own expense, this incident which occurred during his last visit here:

“I was hurrying along Broadway one afternoon when a pug-nosed urchin with a bundle of papers under his arm stopped me and asked me the time. He was a smiling little rat, and in good humour. I drew out my watch and told him it was ten minutes to three. The young rascal said:

“‘At three o’clock get your hair cut.’

“I appealed to a policeman who stood near-by and who had overheard the colloquy between the small boy and myself. ‘Officer,’ I said in tones of vengeance, ‘this lad has insulted me. You heard him. What do you think I should do?’

“The policeman glanced slowly at a neighbouring clock, then back at me, and replied stolidly, ‘Well, sir, you still have a good eight minutes.’”



FRANCIS WILSON, the actor, tells the following story on John Mason:

Wilson, having spent several summers at a small hotel in Vermont, advised Mason, who was in search of a quiet place for rest, to go there, telling the proprietor that he was Wilson’s friend. Mason arrived at the small town and made his way to the inn. He found the proprietor sitting on the front porch, with his chair tipped back, smoking a corn-cob pipe.

“‘I am Mr. Mason,’ he began. ‘I have come



here through a friend of mine, Mr. Francis Wilson.'

"The landlord, quite unconcerned, kept on smoking. Thinking he might be deaf, the newcomer started again and somewhat louder. 'I am Mr. Mason; I have come here through a friend of mine, Mr. Francis Wilson.' Still no response. Convinced of his deafness, Mr. Mason began once more. 'I say,' he roared, 'I am Mr. Mason, and have come here through a friend, Mr. Francis Wilson.'

"The proprietor slowly took his pipe from his mouth, and turned to Mason. 'I heered you the first time,' he said calmly. 'What d'you expect me to do, kiss you?' "



LEE McCLUNG, treasurer of the United States, once accompanied a party on a trip to the Maine woods.

"One of our number," says Mr. McClung, "was fond of all the Indian legends and the names they gave to the places and streams of that interesting State.

"In the course of our travels we came upon a little glen. 'And what do you call this?' he asked.

"'Mystum,' replied the Indian guide.

"Here was a new, romantic name that promised possibilities.

"'Why do you call it Mystum? And what does the name mean to the red man?'

"'Well,' replied the guide, 'once we saw a big buck here, and we missed um.' "



CHARLES P. STEINMETZ, Schenectady's own wonder-man of electrical magic, declares that inventors have a power of abstraction which serves them in good turn on some occasions, and is liable to betray them into strange reflections on others. For instance:

“ ‘So you think you’ve perfected your little machine at last?’ asked the lawyer of his dreamy-eyed client.

“ ‘Yes, it’s all right now; there’s not a flaw in it,’ replied the inventor, with perfect serenity. ‘But I can assure you that when it came to making the final test I was frightened and nervous. I happened to catch a glimpse of my face in a mirror when the thing was safely over, and it was as white as your shirt, sir. In fact,’ he added, directing an impartial gaze at the attorney’s shirt-front, ‘it was whiter — considerably whiter, I should say.’ ”



LIEUT. WILLIAM P. SHERIDAN, the noted police officer with the camera eyes, was ruminating on the changes that had come over New York since

the advent of Governor Hughes and the gambling-reform crusades of recent times. "I used to know a man who never passed a happy week-end without leaving most of his wages at a certain wide-open gambling-house in the 'Tenderloin,'" he remarked reminiscently.

"One Saturday evening the prodigal started home via the gambling-resort, as usual. That day, however, the lid had been suddenly and softly tightened, and the place had been closed. The man tried to enter the door, but failed. He walked out into the street and gazed up inquiringly at the closed windows. Then he walked back to the door, and tried it again; but it would not open. Whereupon he drew his pay-envelope from his pocket, shoved it under the door, and walked calmly down the street."



DR. DAVID STARR JORDAN was discussing at a dinner in Washington certain rulings of the International Fisheries Commission, and said:

"The fish there get no chance. They have as hard a time of it as the whites in the interior of China. A Chinese druggist said to his clerk one morning:

" 'Didn't I see a foreign devil come out of here as I came down the street? ' "

" 'Yes, sir,' the clerk answered. 'He wanted a permanent cure for headache, and I sold him a bottle of rat-poison.' "

KING VICTOR EMANUEL of Italy is fond of telling this story of a valet whom he had finally to get rid of because of his suspected though unproved dishonesty.

"Giuseppe was a good body-servant," narrates the king, "and while I never caught him stealing I had many reasons for believing him untrustworthy. He was one of my household, and I confess to a fondness for the fellow, in whose veins there is really more than a trace of royal blood.

"I said to him one morning, 'Giuseppe, you are growing careless.' 'Oh, your Majesty, I hope not,' he replied. 'But you are,' I persisted. 'You sometimes forget to brush my coats.' 'Oh, sire, I assure you—' he started to explain. But I cut him short with: 'There, that is enough, Giuseppe. I left six florins in a waistcoat pocket yesterday and—they are still there.' The poor fellow nearly fainted, but whether from terror of dismissal or chagrin at having overlooked the money I couldn't quite make out. Anyhow, the six florins were a myth," concludes the King with a royal wink.



KERMIT ROOSEVELT says he was once camping in eastern Utah, when a prospector came along one morning on a mule. He had his jaw tied up, and at first seemed inclined to pass on without a word. On second thought, however, he halted and gruffly queried,

"How fur to Salt Lake?"

"Three hundred miles."

"Humph!"

"Travelled far?"

"About two hundred miles."

"Get your jaw hurt?"

"No. It's just an infernal toothache, and I'm a-riding five hundred miles to get it pulled."

He was invited down, and one of the crowd got a piece of string round the tooth and jerked it out as slick as you please. After the overjoyed man had ceased dancing about, the young camper queried,

"Why didn't you try the string before starting out on such a long ride?"

"Best kind of reason, sir, I hadn't nary a string."



F. HOPKINSON SMITH, painter, author, engineer and professional optimist, tells a story showing that Boston boys of the street are like all others. He overheard a conversation between two youngsters selling papers.

"Say, Harry, w'at's de best way to teach a girl how to swim?" asked the younger one.

"Dat's a einch. First off you puts yer left arm under her waist and you gently takes her left hand —"

"Come off, she's me sister."

"Ow, push her off de dock."



GOVERNOR H. C. STUART, of Virginia, tells of a prominent business man of his home town who is also an enthusiastic sportsman but who has the reputation of being a very bad shot. Not long ago the Governor was one of a number who was invited to dine with the sportsman, and after dinner he showed the guests a target painted on a high fence, with a bullet directly in the centre of the bull's-eye.

This he vowed he shot at a distance of 1000 yards.

The story was accepted as a huge joke, until he offered to bet new hats for the crowd on it. This, of course, aroused our interest sufficiently for one of the party to accept the wager. He produced two witnesses who were well-known to all of us and whose veracity we could not doubt. Since they both unhesitatingly stated that he had done what he claimed, he won his bet.

The loser made good on the hats, and as we were retracing our steps homeward the host was asked how he managed to fire such an excellent shot.

"Well," he answered, "I shot the bullet at the fence at 1000 yards, and then I painted the target around it."

ONE of Colonel Roosevelt's first hunting instructors was old Bill Sewall, a Maine guide, whom, when President, the Colonel rewarded for years of friendship and advice by an office.

When he was a boy the colonel went into camp with Sewall. Deer season came along, and they went out to give the youthful Nimrod his first chance for a shot. After a time, the colonel says, they saw a stag.

"Shoot!" shouted Sewall, and the future President let go with his rifle.

The stag ran a little way and dropped.

"You've got him! You've got him!" shouted Sewall, as he ran forward to investigate. "How did it happen?"

"Why," replied young Roosevelt, drawing himself up proudly, "I aimed for his breast."

"You done well," said Bill. "You done well. You hit him in the eye."



JUDGE ALTON B. PARKER, Democratic candidate for President in 1904, is said to tell as a favourite story the tale of a young man in Savannah named DuBose, who invited his sweetheart to take a buggy-ride with him. The young woman had a fetching lisp. When they reached a rather lonesome bit of road the young man announced:

"This is where you have to pay toll. The toll is either a kiss or squeeze."

"Oh, Mr. Du Both!" exclaimed his companion.

JOHN W. KERN, whom last fall's political upheaval landed in Senator Beveridge's seat in the Senate, has a favourite story about an Arkansas man who traded land for a mule.

In the Arkansas hills one day, Mr. Kern met a man riding a rough specimen of lop-eared mule.

"What is a mule like that worth?" he inquired.

"Traded a farm for this one," replied the traveller.

"A farm! wasn't that a big price?"

"That it wasn't, stranger, and I'll tell you what I did. The man who owned the mule couldn't read or write, and when the deed was drawn up I just slipped in another eighty acres, and he hasn't found it out yet."



SEN. JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER, of Iowa, in illustration of the actions of a Congressional antagonist who was making an effort to patch up an old measure rather than accept a new one, tells this story:

"A kindly old lady sympathising with a one-legged man exclaimed, 'It must be a terrible thing to go through life without your leg, but you must remember, my poor man, it will be restored to you in the next world.'

"'I know it will, mum, but that ain't very encouragin', for it was cut off when I was a baby, an' it won't come within a couple of foot of the ground when it's restored.'"



HENRY WATTERSON, editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, was one of a group of newspaper men who, during a convention of that fraternity, were one afternoon talking of typographical errors. Said he:

“While I’ve heard of a great many funny typographical breaks in my time, about the oddest and most humorous transposition of types that ever came to my observation was that in a New York newspaper some years ago. The paper used to print its shipping news on the same page with the obituaries. Imagine the glee with which its readers found the captions changed one morning, a long list of respectable names being set forth under the marine head, ‘Passed Through Hell Gate Yesterday.’ ”



NATHAN STRAUS, New York’s practical philanthropist, discussing the absurd difficulties that confront sanitists in their endeavour to pass laws compelling the pasteurisation of milk, said:

“The legislators who oppose this law bring forward arguments about as weak as that of the Maine milkman. A lady, summering in Maine, said to her milkman severely:

“‘Look here, this milk of yours is half water and half chalk. What do you mean by advertising it as pure?’ ”

“‘Madam,’ said the milk-manufacturer, with reproachful dignity, ‘to the pure all things are pure.’ ”



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DAVID I. WALSH, the new Democratic Governor of Massachusetts, was recently escorting an English gentleman around Boston. They came finally to Bunker Hill, and stood gazing at the splendid monument.

"This is the place, sir, where Warren fell," remarked Governor Walsh.

"Ah!" replied the Englishman, with apparent interest, which, however, disclosed the

fact that he was not very familiar with American History. "Was he seriously hurt by the fall?"

The Governor looked at his friend.

"Hurt!" he exclaimed, "he was killed, sir!"

"Indeed!" was the Englishman's meditative retort, as he continued eyeing the monument and evidently computing its height. "Well, I should think he might have been — falling so far."



JOHN K. TENER, the governor of Pennsylvania, is an inveterate smoker and choice as to his selection of cigars. Lighting a Havana recently, he said:

"The Londoners are indifferent about their tobacco — indifferent and blasé, like an omnibus conductor I saw in Oxford Street.

"You know the London omnibus? It is a double decker. If you sit on top you must go up and down by a very steep stairway.

"Well, this blasé conductor pulled up his 'bus at Regent Circus and the ladies bound for Peter Robinson's eagerly got out. But one fat lady, who had been sitting on the top, came down the steep and winding stairs very slowly. Her skirt flapped around her ankles, and at every step she stopped and thrust it carefully down. The conductor waited with bored expression, his hand on the bell-rope; but he lost patience when the fat lady stopped for the fifth or sixth time to thrust down her billowing skirt, and he burst out angrily:

"'Now, then, lydy, 'urry up, can't yer? Figgers ain't no treat to me!'"



ON a recent stage journey in Arizona, Owen Wister, the novelist, came across an acquaintance of his early Southwestern ranching days.

"I suppose," remarked the native, after an exchange of greetings, "that you notice a good many changes out here?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the author-traveller. "When I first came out to this country there were many red men here without a white. This trip I've seen many white men without a red."

THEODORE P. SHONTS, who is now running the New York subway, was one of the first to have a try at the Panama Canal. There was more or less criticism of his work, and he came home. The tables are turned on the people in a story which he tells on occasion. Says he:

"In regard to Panama the people are as credulous as a young girl I have heard about. She came down to the drawing-room to meet her very special young man, with a frown on her pretty face.

" 'John,' she said, 'father saw you this morning going into a pawnbroker's with a large bundle.'

"John flushed. Then he said in a low voice:

" 'Yes, that is true. I was taking the pawnbroker some of my old clothes. You see, he and his wife are frightfully hard up.'

" 'Oh, John, forgive me!' exclaimed the young girl. 'How truly noble you are!'"



EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL WICKERSHAM was recently describing an unfair law.

"The people under this law," he said, "are very much in the position of a young Washington attaché.

"As the attaché was breakfasting the other morning, his servant said to him:

" 'You are out of whiskey, sir. Shall I get a bottle?'"

" 'Yes, I think you might, James,' the master replied. 'It's your turn.'"

MRS. J. G. PHELPS-STOKES (Rose Pastor), the Socialist worker, recounted, at a Socialist meeting in New York, her amusing experiences among slum children.

"Not long ago," she said, "I saw on the street a little boy and girl whose clothes looked as if they had grown upon them. Speaking to them, I urged them to lead me to their mother, who politely informed me that it was her custom, at the beginning of cold weather to sew the little ones up in flannels, freeing them with the return of spring. I persuaded the mother to put buttons on the clothes and to bathe her children regularly. Then, last week, I visited her again.

" 'Well,' I said, 'how do the winter baths go?'

" 'The children don't like it, ma'am,' said the mother. 'Johnny refused his bath positively yesterday. He said you could do as you like and he would do as he liked. You like to be cold and clean — he likes to be warm and dirty.' "



DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL, the noted Philadelphia physician and author, and ex-ambassador to England Joseph H. Choate were chaffing each other not long ago when Mr. Choate remarked: "There's one thing about your profession, Doctor, that I have always envied. You bury your mistakes underground."

"True enough, Joe," retorted Dr. Mitchell, "and yours usually swing upon trees, you know."



ORVILLE WRIGHT, the genius of the aeroplane, while speaking reminiscently of his early experiments before he and his brother really could fly, said those first trials reminded him of an incident occurring a few months ago in the Glacier National Park, the Government's wonderland of scenery in Montana.

“This park for the most part has to be traversed in the saddle, and the ‘tenderfeet’ have some amusing experiences with horses. The animals are all, in Western parlance, of the ‘dude’ variety, so accidents never happen, but the fears of those who are unused to horseback riding are variously expressed.

“I watched the start of one such cavaleade from one of the hotels. When all were in their saddles, the guides led off. A school teacher, who was having her first experience in the saddle, had difficulty in joining the procession. She was unfamiliar with the words of command used in driving horses, and, when the animal persistently refused to start, she shook the reins over his neck and said, sternly:

“‘Well, commence!’”

JOHN D. LONG, Ex-secretary of the Navy, tells rather a good joke about an old friend, now dead, who left behind him the reputation of never having been too tired or too ill to give or take a joke.

"During his last illness, a neighbour, knowing his fondness for brandied peaches, sent over a small jar. A few days later she called.

" 'My dear Louise,' said the sick man, 'how can I ever thank you for those delicious brandied peaches?'

" 'I thought you would appreciate them, Alexander,' returned the caller modestly.

" 'Ah, yes; ah, yes,' he assented, with a smile, 'and how much more I appreciated the spirit in which they were sent.' "



EX-PRESIDENT FALLIERES of France tells of a native evangelist who knew very little English but who was fond, none the less, of speaking publicly in the unfamiliar tongue. One Sunday he was exhorting a congregation composed chiefly of Americans and English and startled his hearers by launching forth into a prayer ending with,

"And now, good Lord, we pray thee to protect and pickle us all the rest of our lives."

When the service was over the ambitious linguist's attention was called to his expression, "pickle us."

"Well, what would you?" said he. "Is it not the same, to preserve and to pickle?"



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EDGAR E. CLARK, the new Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, was cautioning some commercial venturers.

"Never go on the ice until it is good and thick," warned Mr. Clark. "Don't do like the fellow who went skating too early. He had been on the ice only a short while when his lusty cries for help echoed among the surrounding hills.

"A farmer heard the shouts, and hastened to the pond. He saw a huge hole in the ice, and a white-faced young chap, with chattering teeth, standing shoulder-deep in the cold water. Placing a board on the thin ice and crawling out to the edge of the hole he extended his hand and said: 'Come over this way, and I'll lift you out.'

"'I can't swim,' was the young man's impatient reply. 'Throw a rope to me. Hurry up. I'm freezing.'

"'I ain't got no rope,' said the farmer, angrily. 'What if you can't swim — you can wade, can't you? The water's only up to your shoulders.'

"'Up to my shoulders!' cried the young man.



'It's fully eight feet deep if it's an inch. I'm standing on the dodgasted fat man who broke the ice!'"



LAFAYETTE YOUNG, for a while senator from Iowa, is authority for the following account of an accident on a street-car in Des Moines.

The car was crowded, and mostly by women, who were bent on shopping. When all had been seated, the three or four men who indulged in the luxury of seats looked at one another as though to say, "We are next to get up." In fact, three women got on at the next stop, and a business man rose to offer his seat to one of them, who was young and very pretty.

"You are a jewel," the latter said, smiling as she thanked him.

"No, madam, I am a jeweller," he said. "I set jewels."

And now he is married to that lady.



GEN. NELSON A MILES tells, with characteristic brevity, this story of a friend who, after a long siege of typhoid fever, was permitted to eat a mere spoonful of tapioca. When the nurse had refused the hungry patient more food he turned to her and said with a peevish gesture:

"Now, I want to read a little. Bring me a postage-stamp."

JACK LONDON enjoys being considered a jolly sailorman; but a recent experience on a camping tour shows that there are times when his instinct for sea-things plays him false. The mustangs he drove on this trip were his undoing. These were put in a corral one misty evening when the party was on the coast. Late at night, from the tent, Mr. London thought he heard trouble among the nags. There was a groaning as if one were down. The author tumbled out into the wet and, using matches, searched the corral without finding trouble.

"What's the matter, Mate?" ealled Mrs. London from the tent.

"Don't you hear the horse moaning?" was the response.

"Oh, come in out of the wet!" shouted Mrs. London. "That's the foghorn you hear."



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER narrates this amusing, if somewhat improbable, story about a certain venerable archdeacon who engaged as a new footman a well-recommended youth who had served as stable-boy. The first duty which the youth was called upon to perform was to accompany the archdeacon on a series of formal calls.

"'Bring the cards, Thomas, and leave one at each house,' ordered the master.

"After two hours of visiting from house to house the archdeacon's list was exhausted. 'This is the

last house, Thomas,' he said; 'leave two cards here.'

" 'Beggin' your pardon, sir,' was the deferential reply, 'I can't; I've only the ace o' spades left.' "



ATLEE POMERENE, the new senator from Ohio, relates the sad case of a farmer who took much pride in the looks of his fattening pigs and who once purchased a pair from a neighbour. Upon delivery, at the usual age of eight weeks, they seemed to him rather small. The old man eyed them dubiously, and then remarked dryly,

"I guess I had better keep the cat shut up for a few days."



SENATOR "BOB" TAYLOR, of Tennessee, tells a story of how, when he was "Fiddling Bob," governor of that State, an old negress came to him and said:

" 'Massa Gov'na, we's mighty po' this winter, and Ah wish you would pardon mah old man. He is a fiddler same as you is, and he's in the pen'tentry.' "

"What was he put in for?" asked the governor.

"Stead of workin' fo' it that good-fo'-nothin' nigger done stole some bacon."

"If he is good for nothing what do you want him back for?"

"Well, yo' see, we's all out of bacon ag'in," said the old negress innocently.

SENATOR LODGE, of Massachusetts, by way of pointing a moral of New England economy, spun this yarn the other day to three or four bystanders in the Capitol:

There was a funeral in one of the small farm-houses in the neighbourhood of Cape Cod, and the friends of the deceased were gathering in the tiny parlour when there entered the room a typical New England female of the kind that mingles curiosity with sympathy. As she glanced around the darkened room, she said to the bereaved widow:

"Where did you get that new eight-day clock?"

"We ain't got no new eight-day clock," was the reply.

"You ain't? What's that in the corner there?"

"That's the deceased. We stood him on end to make room for the mourners."



RABBI WISE, when he visited Boston for the first time, was undecided at what hotel to stop. As he wandered up Summer Street from the South Station, he determined to inquire for a good hotel. So he accosted a fine-appearing man who was coming toward him, confident that from such a citizen he would be sure to get the very best advice as to his choice of a stopping-place.

"What would be a good place to stop at?" he inquired of the stranger.

"Just before you reach the at," was the disconcerting reply.





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